

Laali

**A journey of a woman in search of true love and she drifted
to understand the concept of transcendental oneness.**

About the Author

The author has education in epistemology and taught philosophy and culture in the university. He is working as a senior journalist and covered socio- economic stories in Rajasthan and Gujarat- great states of culture and customs of India.

The story of an illiterate woman of Rajasthan in India who in her journey of finding transcendental love realizes that marriage is not only the answer. After her broken marriage she tries several live in-relationships to find true love.

She knows that the feeling of transcendental love, a love beyond logic and reasoning, exists and she starts searching the meaning of love, during her journey, she tries to understand principles of Hindu religion and philosophy to understand the reality and truth that fabricates the society to live in accordance with right knowledge.

The lower communities that remained suppressed for thousands of years have their own customs and rituals and have their own closed society but unfortunately their literatures and customs got no place in writing because education was mostly limited to upper class.

The story also tells that Indian philosophy was never applied to get the real advantage of such knowledge. And therefore philosophies remained just reciting of books and prevailing system of society and confused common man.

I am thankful to my daughter Sanghamitra and son Kumar Bodhisattva who persuaded me to continue my writing. They came in my life as little angels.

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1. A search for Love

She was aimlessly watching her daughter who was playing out in the street, just in front of the house. Her eyes were empty like light blue sky and her corneas were dull as life faded out of them. She had no expressions and no one from her appearance can judge who she was and what she was thinking. If someone saw her from a distance then can only estimate that an ordinary woman in a remote village, sitting on the door step and passing her time. And also someone can deduce that a woman was waiting for her husband to return back, an usual scene in a village here.

And if someone comes near her and peeks at her closely then found a beautiful woman who just arouse from her sleep and looking more attractive. She was careless in her attitude and had no definite reason to sit lazily in this summer morning. She is about 45 years and very beautiful even after giving birth to three children. The first impression of her beauty describes the magnificence of the royal state of Rajasthan, the attitude shows the color of the land and her posture portrays diversity of nature of this region.

And when she noticed that her daughter is laughing and giggling as the street dog licked her little hand, the same cornea sparked and her lips slightly spread slowly for some minutes but again

shrink as she worried about her daughter. She assumed in her heart that street dog can bite the hand of her daughter. Her daughter is only four years old, Gudiya, playing freely, as free, as she herself desperately wanted in her past life, without restrictions, without caring and without concerning the society.

Her name is Laali, born in a dalit family in Rajasthan state of India and she is a woman with a difference because she introspected the meaning of love which is not allowed for a woman in her society and because she failed to understand the symphony of knowledge and its practice together in the society and because even after a great crash, she wanted to continue her struggle to understand the reality of life.

Laali remained sloppily seated near the main door of the house of her mother, unaware of time and didn't notice how long she remained there watching her daughter playing, laughing and sometime giggling, own her own, like a free air in the desert, like unbound winds that sometimes made hills of sand, layer after layer of fine sand particles and then steadily take away every speck of sand to some other unknown destination and create the place as bare. These desert winds do not have any specific directions and therefore roam freely without restrictions as free as a free will, wanders everywhere without a reason and create their own world. And these winds draw an artistic depiction as it looks like that someone took long years to print these designs on the land.

Winds also bring heat from the west and indicate that summer ascending in this arid land and everyday temperature increases which will soon make lives miserable in this barren region. Laali awake this morning with empty mind as she had left all her worries very long ago when her marriage broke down thirty years before but slowly she found that worries wrapping her heart as like of sand coming with the wind covering the roads with a thick layer. She sometime realized that she is not same as she was when she was young like the age of her daughter.

Things changed rapidly and so her life in long thirty years of spell of time and she in these years whirled with the time, searching the meaning of life, keeping the norms of society, drifted many times against the current, in the pool of lust and of dreams, wanted to understand the meaning of love and searching the ultimate stage of love which is constant and forever. Now she does not want anything else, do not want norms and preaching of society, not strictly for her little daughter who is playing freely and giggling openly, which society never approved for a girl. She wanted that her daughter should be educated.

Wearing an old red sari having a print of flowers in yellow with a slight veil on her forehead, her beauty still exists with wide eyes and good pair of lips. She also has a tattoo on her forehead, increasing her beauty and with double chin, a gift that attract almost everyone. She also have an attracting long nose with an silver ring on left side, wearing bangles of red and orange mixed colors and long hairs tied carelessly. Her wheatish skin shines

was moisture. She came to her mother, a widow, living alone in Jabaser village of Jhunjhunu district in two room set which her husband left for her after his death.

Jabasar is a Jat and Muslim populated village just 40 kms from the district headquarter and situated in the semi-arid land. There was a time when dalits, a lower caste, were restricted to settle in the village and they built their colony in the outskirts of the village but with changing time and increasing population, this colony came in the center part of the village.

Even today most of the dalits are not educated and they maintain their own dogmas, culture and society. They have their own world and own laws which bound them united. The bloodline still important for these communities and they feel proud even they remained discarded for hundreds of years from the main stream. They have long families and chains of relatives residing in different parts of the state and they meet them frequently to maintain the link of relations. There are first cousins, second and third cousins' chain of relations.

This part of the state is still different from the developing districts and the sand spread wherever eyes goes and only some type of herbs exist on this earth, struggling against the bitterness of the Nature. The horizons on every side are covered with sand. And goats and sheep are seen searching herbs in these dunes. Farming is less but still produce fodder two times a year for cattle. Mainly for cows and goats and for camel and cattle farming is the main source of income for farmers.

This region has a history of caste struggles and there are long stories of dalits atrocities and their struggling for existence. The Rajputs and Jats, two major castes that struggled for years to get dominance on this arid land and the main dispute even today emerge is to capture a piece of land. The pride of caste is the main reason of dispute and even elections are contested on the bases of castes even today.

Rajasthan is one of the most interesting places with the history of royals and kings and knights and bravery and also for the long generation of caste discrimination. This is the state of colors and also a land of rituals and cultures and variety of customs. On every ten kilometers, the color of turban changes and so the dialectics of people and sometimes it is hard to understand the meaning of one word which uttered differently within a circumference of fifty kilometers. Water is the main treasure in this land and in the past there were wells which were marked by upper castes were not allowed for dalits to have water from it. The wells with muddy water and low water level were open for dalits to get drinking water from it. There was a time when dalit women walked almost ten kilometers daily to fetch a single pot of water for their families. Overall, the land is very much suitable for those who struggled to exist.

Beera, father of Laali, worked as labor in his life on a farm to earn something and support his family and lived on meek salary and gifts from the land owner Mohammad Ali. Beera never got the right to ownership of land throughout his life. He cultivated

fodder on this land during the time of monsoon and fortunate to have water well in the field that helped to get something during summers. His two sons already left the village and one of them settled in nearby Churu district and another in Bhilwara and working in private shop and another in a factory.

After the death of Beera, his wife Kamala lives on offerings of villagers which come after cleaning road and collecting dung of cows from different places of the village. The cow dung is still the main source of fuel for villagers and it also helped to plaster the walls and floor as cement. Huts of these communities have mostly walls plastered with cow dung and with local colors of red and yellow symbols of good luck; flowers are decorated to show that dreams are very much alive in this arid land.

Kamala is used to this life and never planned to leave the place. She feels that people here know her and she feels that she is also a part of this village. She has memories of her lifetime in this village, of ceremonies and of grieves, of her children and for her the world is limited to the unseen boundaries of this village. Her daughter Laali with her tender age daughter came to live with her ten days ago and was quiet throughout her short spell of stay, as either she is introspecting herself or wanted to make some decision.

Laali was still looking somewhere, without reason, towards the road and was still and breathing low. She came out from her thoughts when she found that her name was called. The real world where suffering and pain subsist, a world of illusions and

where there is no definite cause of suffering but people suffer every day and every minute and for whole life.

“Laali..., Laali...., where are you? I am looking for you everywhere and you are not giving any ear” shouted Kamala, the old woman walked slowly towards the main door of her house.

Laali turned back slowly and found her mother in an angry mood and walking slowly with a stick. She was old but her expressions made her older as she witnessed more pain than happiness. She was gray haired with swollen and empty eyes and face full of wrinkles, wearing old sari, faded and unable to show any color. It is like time and weather torn a building and made it in bad shape.

Laali do not wanted to start any argument and therefore replied in irritation rather than remaining silent, “Why to shout, I have not died yet, what do you want this early morning?”

She again turned towards her daughter who now playing with the mud near sewerage of the street. First time since morning an irritation came on her face and her eyes shrink back. She took out a smoke, a biri and start inhaling fast. It was like that she is thinking about her past which have many great stories.

Kamala saw her daughter sitting idly and irritated, she start abusing her and abused her without any reason and went inside towards the backyard, in the kitchen. She still murmured something and her eyes went wet as something again hurt her and hurt her on the same place which needed to be healed. She wanted to talk with her daughter, wanted to exhaust her feelings,

wanted to channelize her sufferings which are deep inside her heart, which she had never ever shared even with her husband.

Life for her now have no more reason to live except her daughter who dropped to her house with her daughter and since then Laali uttered not a single word. She was quiet, the minute she entered in her house. Talked nothing, simply sit alone, mostly like a stone, thinking and thinking and taking care of her daughter.

Kamala was not fond of her husband in her life but still missed him because she was used to that man or rather say that she had a feeling of safety and sense of dependency. There was atleast a feeling of companionship or can say her husband became her habit of lifetime. She sat on the floor of the kitchen to prepare tea for her and also for her daughter who had ate nothing since morning. She was not aware what had happened to her that made her rush to this house without any information but she was worried after all she is a mother, a lonely mother.

Kamala understands her daughter because she too wanted to live a life like her, a life of freedom, a life to choose the right one, the life of desire and a life to live independently but had never courage to take a single step, the very first step. Like her daughter, Laali too was not interested to marry when she was very young and then after two years of marriage she was informed that Laali came out from the holy marriage knots and had breakup. Laali was just fifteen years old when she was married.

After the interference of panchayat, Laali went into a Nata (live-in-relation) and since then moved round and round in this ritual. She changed partners as ones change clothes. Every time entering into Nata, Laali showed her excitement and eagerness as she got the right match of her life but unfortunately she repelled her decision later.

“She was the fairy of this region, roaming in this world for the search of true love” Kamala thought and with these words, she smiled automatically on her own words and start making tea. Her tears dried and she thought that she got the reason to live to take care of her daughter as she used to caring people, her husband, her sons, villagers, community and a daughter.

Kamala eagerly waiting for the water to boil and sat down comfortably near the kerosene stove which was shouting loudly and heating slowly and she started thinking about the meaning of love, she is an illiterate woman and do not know even the right to vote and have no idea of her rights to live but she feel that she had known about the love. Her whole life went in serving her husband and in return she got usual thrashing by him, privately and also publically, in front of relatives and sometimes in front of community but that was her fate, her mother told her once, “anger of husband is like a wind storm in the desert, you have to wrapped yourself in the cloth and sit tight to pass the storm. Once it’s over there is peace everywhere. Don’t react or stand against the storm or it will harm you more than saving you.”

Kamala remained married with Beera, her husband, she married this man when she was only 12 years old and since then she was with him, about sixty years of her life, till he died six months ago. She never remembered that she had eager to get her husband for love. She too had feeling for other men of her community and also for some men of her village and even they made advancement towards her but she declined because of the dogmas of her community. She was not bold enough to take a step, a single step to fulfill her desires, to make herself happy, like her daughter.

She too like ordinary girls had dreams when she was young that her husband would flirt with her and love her, sing songs for her, care for her, pamper her, miss her but nothing happened. For her, husband means serving the man, to whom she married, for the whole day and to prepare herself for him in the bed at night. She once saw her cousin happy and dressed in a newly clothes when she dropped at her house, the dress which nowadays women like to wear in cities, a clothing of modern times and her cousin was entering in a Nata.

Kamala came back to her real life and found that water started boiling in the kettle on the stove and so her thoughts also begin boiling at this juncture of her life, she murmured, "What is love, living with a husband, with a single man, for whole life is love and after his death remembering his words and touch is love," no love is not making the husband happy physically or mentally , love

does not means helping the husband to get sleep after he exhausted with the full bottle of liquor.”

“Then what love is?” thought Kamala. For this old woman, in her whole life, there was only one man with whom she cohabitated, “I was not happy with my life and was dared to state that when he was alive, where there is no happiness means there is no love. Love is something fulfilling dreams” thought Kamala.

She too had dreams, a love for soul, a love for touch and a hunger to live together and also die together. She is illiterate but love do not need education and books to cramp for realizing the truth of feeling, “Atleast my daughter is lucky who got the chance of change and to taste the salt of different loves where she was pampered many times and felt every breath of her partner.”

Love means that there is someone waiting for someone and who’s every breath came out remembering the beloved. Love means living together as two bodies and one soul, as she saw in a movie, long ago with her husband.

Cohabiting is not love and marrying is therefore is not also purely love. Kamala saw that the kettle was now boiling with the heat and she took a cloth and put the cattle off the stove. She poured the tea in two big mugs and returned back in her world and took a cup for her daughter.

She saw Laali sitting as usual aimlessly from the window of backyard in same posture as she used every day in morning, she

felt, "But what went wrong with the life of Laali." Life for woman in this arid land remained same since long.

Like less rain is enough to grow the natural vegetation and nothing more is required to maintain the egalitarianism of life. In same way, women in this land lived and worked hard for whole life with less rains of love."

And the final argument that came out without any objection is 'The God's Will' and god wanted every woman to serve the man for her whole life. "But still love is lacking in such lives. It is not the god's will to live loveless life. Why god who loves everyone wants that people live with no love, but this is a divine order for woman. Men are better than women and therefore they lead society" concluded Kamala and went out from the kitchen.

For Kamala, the message of life and marriage which she got traditionally was that woman is born to serve man. In past it was the firm ideology that women were the property of men and therefore lives of a woman moved as per the 'will' of man. Women were sold and purchased and exchanged.

The reason may be the dependency on men but there are examples from history and even at present that women worked harder in fields as they worked hard to maintain their families. Remove women from every work place and it result that production in every sector will decrease frequently.

Women are responsible for making the family united, comfortable and they also walk after the husband on his footsteps. Generally

it is a dogma that women cannot talk or discuss about love in open. They have no right to discuss such issue even with husband; satisfaction is tested only by the formula that they are married. She remembered that after her marriage her mother warned her, 'never leave your husband.' Men are allowed to re-marriage but woman don't have that right.

Men can marry two women at same time but women do not enjoy such rights.

Kamala found that her daughter was still sitting in silence and she does not want to disturb her, either she was surfing some new path of life or she was worried about her problems. She reached near her and put gentle hand on her head to show her concern, "Please have a cup of tea and relax."

Laali looked to her mother and her emotions came out flowing and her expressions changed. She smiled slowly and thanks her for the caring and gently she took the cup to get some sips. For some time, Kamala remained standing near her daughter but when she found that her daughter is not reacting anyway, she slowly moved back to the kitchen.

Laali found the tea comfortable and it soothes her throat which was drying hard with heat, the heat which was picking up in this early summer. She once again looked to her daughter who was busy in playing, "Why life cheated with me? And cheated me every time, I kept faith on my love and every time I was ditched by realizing that I choose wrong path" thought Laali.

She still remembered that on the very day of her marriage she came to know that the match made was wrong. She too had a dream of her love, a charming prince of her dreams but her husband was only interested in squeezing her in bed.

She remembered that there was series of pain and trauma she went into for long hours and the day when panachayat decided her separation, she felt independence and happy and she cried. A cry of independency and a cry of pride which was humiliated everyday by raping her soul. Atleast, communities made ways to come out from sufferings.

At the time of marriage, Laali was happy because her friends were teasing her. She was not aware what marriage was but having new dresses and colorful ornaments made her happy. Her cousins were joking and she enjoyed the importance in the community. When the Barat (procession of groom) reached at her door step, she was also excited and in a long ritual of marriage at night, she felt drowsy and slept during the mantras.

She was married to Murli, twelve years older than her and a widower. She saw her husband first time after four days when all rituals were over. She was alone and no one from her family was there.

At the time of her marriage large number of relatives gathered in her house and her father was in tension making every type of arrangements and serving community heads. It was like a fair in the village and people rushing from one place to another. Women

chatting and preparing food and men gathered and talking something. And after the marriage she was sent alone with that unknown man with whom she was married to reside her whole life with him to his place.

Mother of Murli was big mouth woman and always criticized her.

First wife of Murli died and left her four children behind.

Community asked Murli to re-marriage for the sake of children and he accepted but the marriage with Laali was not for the sake of children but for his own satisfaction. One of his sons was nearly of Laali's age.

Murli was not interested in talking and the cohabitation with him was sheer pain for Laali. He was in government job and remained busy for whole day. He had reputation in the community because he knows how to get work in government machine. Laali had to cook for the family and rarely talk with Murli in day time. Mother of Murli always abused her and sometime slapped her. Life started spinning to hell and Laali thought, "This is not life." She always hated evenings and nights where she had to face Murli.

She was alone and do not know the way out. Once she made complaint to her mother when she returned to her house for two days. Her mother said that that was normal for a woman. She had to face all this alone and for whole life. Kamala counseled Laali and said that time will make things better but Laali was not satisfied. Murli was becoming more and more rude to her and she knew that death was the ultimate liberty from that bondage.

Her fear was turning to terror, if marriage means humiliation and pain then there should be no marriages for women. 'If sex is the ultimate aim of marriages then this ritual should not be codified religiously as sex can be available freely as like of animals.'

Laali still remember that she found Kishan as the suitable match for her and had nata with him, He came for her rescue in Panchayat and changed her life. He was like worrier who changed her life of miseries and worries, the cohabitation with Kishan was good and she enjoyed the life and gave birth to a child but still she found at the end of the day that there was no love between her and Kishan.

She went for another nata, a social valid cohabitation and every time she thought that she was on the right track but at the end, she felt that she never got love and was wrong. "Love deceives and therefore every time it looked that now life is complete and pure and at times when love appears as true and later I found that I was on wrong track" thought Laali.

Laali was not educated but still went hard on the teaching of Hindu philosophy and she felt that the truth, the transcendental truth never change in any circumstance and in any condition. Truth prevails at every condition and every time, "And love is truth and it is transcendental and is beyond logic, material and above all reasons" feels Laali.

But at present, when she was alone with memories of her past partners in her life and only one child with her, she felt, she is

totally alone and facing isolation without a partner with whom she wanted to walk till the end of her life. She took a deep breath and start thinking about her mother.

Her mother was lucky that she got the love of a single man who remained with her till his death, "It is better to live with complete soul and body with one man rather than roaming for lust with several men, finding pleasure every night like a prostitute" thought Laali and this theory made her more sad and bitter and a tiny salty drop came in her eyes.

It means love is devotion towards partner, a companion, a spouse. "Love is not hunger but caring, living for someone without any reason and without any desire as all desires dissolved in the heat of love."

Love is not seeking every quality in man but devoting everything in him, it is a feeling that show that there is someone breathing and living for us. There should be difference between sensation and feeling, the love for a man or for a woman is not a desire to be with him for a time being but a feeling of togetherness and feeling of completeness. 'Yes love means completeness.'

Laali thought the life of her mother was good and endeavored for completeness because she devoted herself with every sense to a man she married and now living her remaining life in his memories. She had an aim to satisfy her husband keeping her steps with him and walking with him forever.

Laali changed her direction of thoughts and then remember the same street in front of her house where her daughter was playing, it's a long time, same stones, same sand and same type of huts, "We used to play *Ekach dana, ekach dana*, a local game for girls for chasing the piece of stone" and she laughed. Her memories brought an instance when once she took a fight with a boy in the street and hit that piece of stone on his head and then his mother came fighting at her house and abused her, she was angry and fought with Kamala and said, "You born a devil."

And Laali laughed remembering those words and expressions on her face changed, "Life means freedom, freedom to live and react. She found that her daughter playing alone in the same street where large number of children played, shouted and whole day they abuse as no one had any school to go.

"Those were the days" and she took a cool breath.

Coming out of her thoughts, Laali found that her daughter destroyed her clothes in the mud and looking her daughter standing all in dirt her irritation started coming, she shouted on her daughter and yelled loudly and stood and started abusing her and took her by hand forcefully from the street towards the house and brought her to backyard where she forced her for a bath.

Her daughter was crying and shouting on her mother but Laali was so much busy with her work that she gave no ear to the crying. She made her bath and brought a new frock from the room and started dressing her. Laali wanted to slap her daughter

but restrained her eagerness and scolded her badly. She left her in the shade of Veranda and went inside the kitchen and poured a glass of milk for her.

Kamala was sitting in the kitchen and saw her daughter rushing and pouring a glass of milk, murmuring something, irritated. She felt that time has come when she should talk with Laali about her problem, about her sour mood and also about the incident that shaken her from her soul.

At that very moment a knock came on the main door and Kamala stood up to see who came to them to know whether they are living or dead. After the death of her husband hardly any relative or friend falls on their doorstep to know whether she still exists.

Kamala went slowly towards the main door and opened it unhurriedly and found Sarala was standing, a girl from neighbor, standing eagerly, smiling and happy, like a fresh sunflower in the hot summer. Sarala was about 28 years old and one of the rare woman in the community who had not married even attending such age. Mostly girls in the community marry before attending an adult age and at 28 years mostly woman give birth to three to four children and prepare to marry their own daughters.

But story of Sarala went to dozens of villages, some of them criticized and some of them appreciated but not openly, a rebellion and fighter who fought against the community. No one ever dared to survive without community. The feeling of community, the feeling of collectiveness is the weapon against

upper caste. In history that helped these groups survived. Even nobles knew that these communities were united and judge them differently.

‘The core reason of remaining deprived from the main stream for so many years was that these communities by heart accepted that they were born low and religion was used as a tool to made them psychologically believed that their caste was inferior to others. And this was the god’s will. They accepted untouchability by heart and therefore they remained downtrodden. ’

Sarala, too had a child marriage and that was not unusual in her community but she remained adamant to complete her schools and after school wanted to go to college, she walked against the ritual of child marriage which brought shame to her family when Panchayat scolded and harassed her family and therefore her father died by heart attack. When panachayat released a ‘fatwa’ (orders) against the family, life for this family went in problems.

No one in the village ready to talk with any member of this family and they were not allowed to get drinking water from the community well. They had to walk all seven kilometers to bring water from the government tab across the main highway. Family members of Sarala struggled hard and she remained adamant not to marry a boy to whom she do not know and declined the child marriage which was a sin in the eyes of community and now, at this age, no groom in her community left to marry her. She is now teaching in a private school to support herself and her aged mother with whom she is living.

Kamala do not wanted to welcome Sarala in her house but forced to receive her as she is the only guest to her door after a long time, “Kaki (aunt) I saw Laali yesterday and happy to see her here and wanted to talk to her” said Sarala.

“Oh Yes, she came with her daughter and busy in bathing her, you can have a seat and I will inform her” replied Kamala slowly, She added, “How is your mother doing, it is a long time to chat with her?”

Sarala giggled and sat on the chair near the gate and said, “She is good and always talks about you and about your family,”

Sarala was of medium height and of dark complexion with average physique. She had small but bright eyes and big lips and look like an average girl with a look that rarely any growing boy turn back to see. She is the only educated girl in her community in hundred nearby villages. She also went to college to complete her graduation.

It was hard for her to complete her studies against the will of her family and against the orders of the community, where her family was not only harassed but lost all sort of relatives and social rights when panachayat directed not to keep any relation with her family. Those were long days of social loneliness and gradually Sarala used to that silence. Her heart start accumulated with solitude which became the part of her life.

And since long years struggle against the society made the heart of Sarala tough who slowly learned to survive alone with her old

mother, just for the sake to be educated and live according to her wish. She was fascinated by Laali, when she was child, she usually saw Laali coming and going, the beauty attracted her and she was in love with this woman. And when she came to know that Laali came back to her mother, she had an eager to meet her and to talk with her.

When Kamala went inside leaving her alone in the room, she heard the crying voice of a girl and also scolding of Laali and after a short time, shouting of Kamala came to her ear, it was like a family where every member is responding to one another. "How lucky Laali is, she had a marriage and also loves of so many men in her life. Love means fulfillment of the aim to give birth" Thought Sarala. Love means a completeness and pride of motherhood.

Love means becoming a mother and giving birth to a child, the feeling of reproduction is the sense of completeness for any woman. Many time, alone in the bed, Sarala curse herself for breaking the law of her community and not accepting the child marriage. "Rituals are for the sake of community and elders who framed such rules are tested well" Thought Sarala.

She now feels that a touch of a man is important in life, "Let there should be someone for whom I wait at night with food on table, waiting for him to return back from his work and have dinner together." Sarala envy Laali with a life of great cohabitations and she on other hand, as a rebellion of her own community, feel sorry for herself as now there is no way left stepping back and begging from the community and feel sorry for her daring step

which cost the life of her father. Life means for her, walking alone on this path of life. She too had a feeling to flee to the big cities but leaving her mother alone will not help her spiritually, morally and religiously.

Since last few years, Sarala feels that she should run away from her village to an unknown place and search the prince of her dream and run in search of a love and live her whole life in his arms, “If I had a husband, I never leave him for a minute and never allow him going out of my site” again thought Sarala. She remembered that when she declined the child marriage, at the age of sixteen, she was accused for bad character and there were stories in the community of her affair with a boy of another caste.

Her father was abused openly and was forced to sit on the floor and community members accused him for giving a birth to a devil girl. It was the humiliation which no member could face in front of men, women and children of their own community but her father accepted that as his fate and faced everything which he had never dreamed and never accepted but after all that he never used his veto against her daughter to leave her studies and accept the child marriage.

Sarala still remembered that after the death of her father, no one came to attend his funeral and she and her mother alone performed the last rite. Shops were directed not to give anything to them and she had to bring grains from the city of Sikar in a government bus, pulling a heavy sack on her back and on her

shoulder. They had left with no money and she sold her all jewelry and of her mother and applied for scholarship to run their kitchen.

Once her mother told her that it was the mistake of her father to allow her to attend a school. She was the only child and therefore her father was fond of her. She remembered that her father asked her one day that she would fame his name in the society after getting education. "Education is the key of success which our society never understood" said her father many times to her. But leaving community can do no good to individual.

After long twelve years, things went normal and now no one remember this little rebellion of community and now the life for Sarala is empty. She feels proud to be a teacher and the first woman teacher in the village from her community. She teach students and get respect from parents who bow in front of her and pay thanks to her. But still life for her is blank. No one is there to hear her emotions, her feelings, her words and to care for her. Night means reading a magazine or a book and sleep in bed alone to wake early next morning. Eyes wait for no one and she prepare a cup of tea for herself.

Sarala found no voices from inside the house and felt uncomfortable and curious to know what was going on, "She shouted, "Laali di, Laali di" and stood from the chair. There were some noise of footsteps and Laali came rushing in the room, her hairs were open and her sari was disturbed. She looked to Sarala and forced smile on her face. Sarala saw her face and found her

still beautiful. "The beauty of a woman increase with the touch of a man" Thought Sarala.

Laali smiled and said hello to the girl and ask her to sit, "You know my daughter is becoming naughty day by day and it is hard to control her," she smiled and again said, "Sorry I made you wait, what you would like to have, a tea?"

Laali put her hairs backside and tied them in a ponytail and start making her sari properly. She looked to Sarala and felt that her face is so simple and without a touch of lust, "She is so innocent and cute and have happiness on her face." Laali thought, she look like teenager and still single. 'Beauty means simplicity.'

On other side, Sarala looked to Laali and thought that her eyes are shining and skin moist with the experience of love, the real beauty, Nature has designed the time table of life and according to the timing things are necessary. In India, there are four stages of life and accordingly one has to act.

They both sat on the chairs in the room and start sharing their conditions and situations avoiding the reality and true feelings of their heart and narrating their stories about life and comfort and late they discussed the money and honor and busyness in their lives.

Kamala who was feeding the young girl in the kitchen heard the giggling and talking of these two women and felt happy that her daughter is now again coming to life.

And Sarala at last whispered, "I am doing my duty which is my dharma to take care of my mother, yes, I too have desire and wanted to love someone but my duty stop me to do so because for me my mother is important than my own life. Yes, I love my mother without any hate or without an obsession because I have to take care of her."

2. Nata Ritual

'Nata pratha' is a ritual still practiced in the state of Rajasthan mostly in all local communities. Nata means a relation or making a relation with another man or woman even at the time when husband or wife is alive. It is a conditional live-in- relation with the permission of community. It is a freedom to start a new life with new love and with new dreams and this ritual is not limited to one or two chances but it can go long as the desire remains and they have money to manage such relations.

This ritual is different from prostitution as it is cohabitation with only one man at one time and no other man is allowed to touch the woman. Nata means a social rule to arrange a partner for a man or for a woman when she or he is alone in the society. Nata, literary means, in relation open for both man and woman without discrimination.

It is the duty of the community to arrange a balance life and maintain the social fabric and also a responsibility of a community that man or woman should enjoy the responsibility as a couple to make healthy society. In Hindu religion, there is no term like divorce and separation and therefore local communities made the ritual of *Nata* in which man and woman should enjoy the cohabitation and make a perfect society.

There are instances that woman left the house of her husband in midnight without informing anyone and went to her boyfriend and start living with him. The husband and his family try to locate the woman and later when it came out that she is living in another village, the husband contact panch patel. The Panch Patel moves to the village where woman is living and on the border of the village they made their stay and panch patel of the village where woman is residing are called for negotiations. The husband arranges all the facilities, food and stay for the panch patels of both the sides to advance for negotiations.

The first step is that the woman is asked to return back to her husband. If the woman agreed to return back then the husband offer gifts to panch Patels for their efforts. And when woman denied accepting the relation with husband then the second step comes and talks of compensation starts. The husband asked about the money he spent on his wife such as on ornaments and feeding people in the ceremony. Sometimes negotiations went for more than a week and amount was fixed. Deciding the compensation means even calculation of depreciation and the amount of depreciation is deducted according to number of days husband used the woman as his wife.

Long negotiations were made on compensation (*Jaghada*) and later both sides decide the final amount. Ten percent of the amount is deducted by the panch patels of both the sides as fees and then it declared that woman entered into nata and now husband left with no rights on the woman. If the couple blessed

with children, then woman usually avoid taking the custody of children and wanted that children remain with their fathers.

The money which husband received as jhagda, as compensation, is used to bring another woman in Nata for his family and to take care of his children and again panch patels are asked to arrange someone for this man who got money in his hands. Literary, money played an important role in getting a woman or man in Nata.

But nowadays police is playing the role of panch patels when they brought back the woman in police station on the complaint of abduction. The woman when denied to cohabituate with her husband and showed her eagerness to live with her boyfriend then police decides the final compensation and gets the commission from the amount. Police cannot compel any adult woman to live with her husband and therefore cannot act against the boyfriend. Police used its power to reach on a compromise as like of panchs.

Mostly in local communities of Rajasthan, it is common practice that two sisters are married to two brothers in same family or a sister is married to brother's wife. The ritual is called Adala-badali or exchanging. The reasons given for this system by the communities is that, in this process peace remain in the family. In certain conditions, when wife of one brother died then two brothers enjoy and share one wife and in condition when husband of one died then two sisters enjoy and share one husband.

The logic remains that if another woman or man enter into family they distribute the peace and also the property. In same way if brother and sister marry in the same family then the property of two families remain with same people.

The concept of virginity is not important in many communities of this land and they feel that sex is the thing which is same as having dinner and supper in a day. This prevailing concept do not support that woman are property of men and therefore the love and cohabitation is according to the desire and will of individual. If the family is poor and cannot afford to spend large money of marriages then they arrange money so that one of them can have marriage and later whole family shares the single woman. It is the woman who disclosed whose son she gave birth and words of woman is the final which panchayat also accept.

The important aspect of this custom in local communities is that woman cannot be forced for cohabitation and living together is a mutual agreement which everyone accept. But this system is not followed in higher caste where woman has to follow her husband. Women are not free to choose but they accept what her parents choose. She marries where her parents decide and after marriage she has to follow the steps of husband or of her in-laws only.

There are some tribes in Rajasthan who have free sex customs in the southern part of the state, when both boys and girls attend an adult age they are free to make relation with any boy or girl of their age. As per the ritual in this tribe, parents do not allow them

to stay in their huts when they are grown up. They wander in the village for long one year and make sex with whom they desire. After completing one year they have to settle with someone and the panchayat permit them to build their own hut to start a social life.

The choice of marrying is given both to a boy and to a girl. There is no compulsion from parents or from any panch or panchayat. Expert of this tribe say that with this system, the hunger for lust and sex faded in one year time and they start understanding about the concept of right life partner. The lust and enjoyment is the only aim of these youth who newly become young and psychologically and biologically eager to experience the need and there are incidents when a single boy or a single girl exchange dozen of their counterpart and later when the year is ending they realized that hankering and sex is not everything for the life, they should need a partner who can understand them and care for them and with whom they could live a good life ahead.

Experts say that with this custom of marriage in the tribe used because to have less separations and less frustrations in a couple after marriage and the married life went smoothly, without jealous and expectation of assumption of getting better in life. But with changing time, this custom is decreasing as youth of this tribe is moving out for education and leaving behind their rituals and will of community.

In this part of the land where upper caste maintained the importance of virginity, right on woman as property and system of

veiling woman so that no other man can see even the face of a woman, the other part is the local communities who have different ideology and definition of woman.

The stories that are said about Rajasthan is of rituals and customs and pride and courage of upper castes that ruled this land for centuries and therefore the customs and rituals of these castes are highlighted and the land is known by their rituals and customs. This upper caste maintain that bloodline is important and it should be kept pure for better generations and women who bare child should be remain clean and pure.

Woman in these upper castes were not allowed to move out alone and without veil. No re-marriage and no widow marriage for women allowed. The woman marries ones and left the house of her husband when only she dies. The woman is not counted well and her parents are accused who left her husband and even parents of the girl discourage to leave the house of her husband.

The concept of 'Kanyadan" (donating girl) during marriage, means the parents donated the girl to her husband for lifetime and since then the fate of the girl depends in the hand of her husband. Marriages in these upper castes are made not on the like and dislike of a boy or of a girl but on the basis of equal status of a family. No one desires to marry their daughter or son in a family whose status is lower. The marriages in these castes means knot of relations between two families. And with status complex the show off and dowry concept introduced in which every family expend large money to show their community that

how rich they are or how rich the family is in which they have made a relation of their son or of their daughter.

Meanwhile, the other part of this land is full of local communities where woman enjoys the right to equality and right to choose the right man and re-choose. In these communities, sex is a fundamental need of human being and therefore it should be fulfilled without a feeling of pride or making a woman as property.

There are also cases and common in some communities that when a widow father with his two or three sons does not afford to spend money on his re-marriage or marrying his sons, then they manage to marry one of them and all, a father and two or three sons, enjoy the same bride for their whole life.

They do not feel shame or feel hurt that they all are enjoying life with one single woman together. Such ritual is allowed by the community panchayats and all and every dispute is settled down applicably, without the interference of outsider or of a legal courts. These communities have faith in Hindu religion but most of the communities which are in scheduled lists of castes and tribes have their own deities and their own way of worshiping.

The bases of their religious believe is in Hinduism but two parallel rituals coexists in similar land without contradicting each other or influencing the other one or suppressing the other one and both maintain Hindu thoughts.

The customs of schedule and tribal castes had not surfaced in literatures and poems because education was strictly limited to

upper caste and therefore all literary work emerged from the upper caste societies. The lower castes were restricted to education and therefore the philosophy and literature of these groups never made in writing.

In Hindu religion, marriage means a knot of life time, may be for the seven lives. Marriage is such a precious and important ritual that it takes only once in life time. In India there is no concept of divorce and therefore there is no separation of husband and wife. Marriage is not a contract between a man and woman which can be broke down from any side but a ritual with a vow in front of gods that the couple will live together whole life.

Marriage means, in India is becoming oneness of duality, the philosophy that made two different essences into one for initiating the world.

Hindu religion have no concept of divorce and break-ups therefore it is not possible to have another marriage for a man and also for a woman and therefore most of the time it create tension between the couple and that turns ugly. Elderly community members, many-many years back, searched a way out to live a life peacefully and therefore this Nata pratha ritual came into practice only in lower communities. This ritual do not break the concept of Hindu marriage and also provide space to man and woman to have a fresh breath and coming out the circle of each other.

Now India has the Hindu Marriage Act, 1955 in which the concept of divorce added for the Hindu society. People can approach courts to dissolve their marriages and in last few years, couples from rural places are also coming out to take the help of law to live their remaining lives peacefully. The history of this Act shows that it took more than hundreds of years to prepare people to use the marriage dissolution law and the credit went to the reformists like Raja Mohan Roy and also to the then British Government ruling India.

Till 1857, there was no statutory law of marriage in India. Marriages were made on the basis of local religious rituals and decisions of community Panchayats were final. The only law in the realm of family law, enacted for remarriage of Hindu widow law in 1956 came into force. As per the long historical tradition, Hindu widows were not allowed to remarry in any circumstance even they turned to widow early in her life. Life for such widows was painful and full of harassment. There are stories that these widows had to live a life of aloofness and in solitudes or were used by the powerful people of society for their lust and pleasure.

Traditionally, marriage in India is a holy sacrament. There were eight forms of marriages as per the religion. The books of Hindu laws accept all eight forms of marriages but dharma form of marriage was popular and still prevails. Dharma marriage is a form of marriage that took place in the society and in presence of parents and relatives of both groom and bride. It is like

announcing husband and wife in front of society with the consent of gods after certain rituals.

There was also a marriage in India like *Gandharva* marriage but not popular and not practiced today. Such marriages were performed with the consent of a man and woman and no permission was required either from family or from community and not even religious ritual required. It is the wish of man as well as woman to become a part of each other. There are examples from Indian epics in which such marriages were performed on this spiritual land of India.

The practice of Dharma marriage is at large and in this form the parents of bride and also of groom decide to whom they have to marry. The role of fathers of both sides is important. The consent of boy or a girl is not necessary in such marriages and parents decide with whom their wards marry. The tradition speaks that marriage is not a knot of a man and woman but a relation of two different families in which both play supporting role to settle the newlywed couple to make their family in better form.

The role of a newlywed couple is important as the couple shapes the society and carries the tradition and relation to future generation. It is like the elder generation plays the role of monitor and corrects things if anything went wrong between the couple. It is like the pressure of a society which compels the couple to carry the relation in every condition and make adjustment.

But such tradition also gives rise to the evil practices like dowry system in which family of the groom force the family of bride to provide costly gifts to the couple and yes, there are cases in which dowry death are reported in the country and later a penal code of on dowry harassment was introduced in the country. The original practice was that gifts were given by both the sides of groom and bride for the newlywed couple to start their own family but the tradition shaped in different way when logic and reasons were overlooked by the society

Another system which prevailed in India was the polygamy, men were free to marry more than one woman but woman were allowed for a single marriage. There are examples in India that woman too had the right of polygamy but they are limited and later in the references and religion law criticized such practice. Still after the restriction of law, the practice of polygamy is practiced in some castes and in tribes of India where tradition is valued more than the law.

Scholars found that concept of marriage in India were also affected by the invasion of Moguls, Muslims and Christians. The contract of being together came from the concept of Islam and the doctrine of marriage of Hindus which have no separation atleast in this life diluted by the Muslim traditions.

Thousands of year's old concepts of marriage of Hindus also got some bugs like social evils. The biggest one was Sati pratha, the tradition in which wife has to die with the body of husband was largely practiced in the state of Rajasthan. Women were forced

and had no choice but had to die with the body of husband. There are examples in which women burned with the body of husband and the community witness this tradition at large and praise the burning woman as the deity.

The system came out with the invasion of Moguls in Rajput states where to keep the race purified and the act of killing self was introduced so women left after the death of husband cannot be taken by the invaders or by the soldiers of Muslim kingdom. Later this ritual was banned in 1829 legally by the Britain, who was ruling India that time. But there were examples of sati pratha in Rajasthan till late 1980s.

The reformists worked hard in changing the practices in religious marriages, mainly by dominating male members of the society and later in 1856, the Hindu Widow remarriage Act was passed. In 1860, Prohibited polygamy Act in Penal Code was also introduced. In 1866, Marriage dissolution Act was brought to divorce for those who adopt Christian religion.

There were other laws which were brought against the practicing system and rituals of Hindus with the introduction of right to live and right to equality and there were large opposition of such laws on the topics like ward and guardian and adaptation system. The committee which was formed in 1944 prepared the Hindu Code bill but was not passed as legislation.

In 1979 the minimum age of marriage was fixed and banned the child marriages in India. These Acts brought the revolution in

which women too have same rights and same dignity in the traditional marriage.

It was really hard for the reformers to bring the concept of divorce in Hindu marriage system and at early age, the concept of divorce was only with the limit of special marriages. The concept of divorce was parallel to the concept of Muslim where there was common civil code of marriages. At present the divorce of Hindu marriage are possible legally, on certain reasons like cruelty, desertion, mutual consent, or unsound mind or left the world or suffering from incurable diseases etc for both the parties.

Such procedure at present is helping thousands of couples to have legal separation but even after the initiation of divorce law in last hundred years, communities of Rajasthan are not accepting the concept and maintaining their own rituals. Community Panchayats are more powerful than the judicial courts. But certainly practices like Sati pratha or polygamy are banned totally by the enforcement agencies and importantly because of the role of media.

The influence of cosmos world and globalization is gradually changing the meaning and practice of marriages in India but still in rural parts lakhs and lakhs of people maintain their tradition and practice their customs and also the marriage system. They are not concern with the legal system but for them community is important and therefore in this age of technology culture in India still surviving. Though the coming generations are coming out

with the tradition but still the shadow of cultural bond exists in this part of the world.

The acceptance and encouraging of this Nata ritual can be seen in the other cultural activities of this brave and colorful state. The state is also known throughout the world for fairs. One of the most important fair of Rajasthan is international Pushkar cattle fair where not only thousands of foreign tourists drop down to witness the camel noisy in the sand dunes but also the colorful people gathered at one place with different attire and life style.

These fairs are usually organized after the crops harvested in fields and farmers remain busy in selling them in different markets to get good prices. Two crops Rabi and Kharif is the main source of income of farmers of India and when these crops are cut, maximum number of festivals is celebrated in this land at that time.

The Pushkar cattle fair also fall at the time when Khairf crops' over and villagers pour down to the holy town of Pushkar, situated in the middle of the Rajasthan state surrounded by hills from three sides and sand dunes on one side and having a Lake between which is holy and responsible to wash all the bad deeds of life on the occasion of full moon of Kartika month as per the Hindu calendar, the fair came mostly in the month of October and November.

When Laali was living with her cohabitation partner Kishan in Nata partha, she also visited Pushkar fair; she wanted to

purchase a new dress from here, especially which are put on the showcase for the foreign women tourists. She was four months pregnant that time and came with Kishan. Kishan was not interested to participate in the fair but when Laali showed her deep desire and pursued him, he left the shop closed in the village of Sikar and came down to the fair.

They got a room in a dharmshala (guest house) of their community and settled for three days visit plan to return back after the full moon dip in the holy Lake. Laali came out all alone early morning on the next day from the dharamshala, leaving behind Kishan who was not interested to leave the room so early.

She started walking towards the Lake. That was fine and cool morning. She saw that the market was crowded even at the early hours of the day. She was also hearing the voices of camel from the mela ground and fascinated by the atmosphere.

She was in her early twenties and having the beauty that even busy shopkeepers turn back to appreciate the beauty. Her hairs were unlocked and there were black tattoo on her forehead, her lips were rosy, without makeup and looking excellent. One of a foreign tourist saw her and he took out his camera for a click of a beautiful woman of this arid state of India. Laali saw the interest of a foreign man in her and she giggled and her white teeth shined in the sun rays.

She went to a tea stall and asked for a cup of tea, life was good but she still felt that something is missing in this beautiful life. It

was not a winter morning but still the wind was cool, everywhere tourists were coming and going as they are in search of something, may be peace or love or god or whatever they wanted in their life. The colorful fusion of different people of different races was more attractive, the fusion of local and foreign tourists, the fusion of attire and dressing, the fusion of wheatish and fair color skins.

And there was an open coffee shop in the front market, on a square, where only foreign tourists were gathered and enjoying chats and coffee. Foreign women were well built and beautiful and wearing sleeveless toppers, smoking, talking and enjoying. There were Israelis, French, English, Germans, Americans and even Japanese, enjoying the colors of Rajasthan.

Laali took a sip from the cup of tea and looked back to her life, the most important day in her life was the day of separation with her husband, She still feel that it was the best day in her life, a day of coming out from the physical torture and depression. She never dreamed a life like that. Her mother told her that husband means who leads you and on whose step she has to walk her life till death. For girls the primary teaching given to them at the time of marriage by parents is that they have to enter the house of husband as a bride and came out in a form of funeral, life means, for a girl, going hand in hand with the husband and die as a wife in his house.

But words of her mother made no sense to her and she desperately waited for the verdict of panchayat of her community

in her village and the place was crowded with hundreds of community people and just before the verdict she was breathing heavily.

She was in the veil that time and cannot see her husband who was abusing her for failing to perform her duties. Every word he uttered was like an arrow in her heart. Still in panchayats, women are not allowed to speak and if they have to witness the proceedings, they have to be in full veil.

Kishan, a shopkeeper in the nearby village and friend of one of her brother came forward to propose a Nata with Laali and ready to pay Jhagda (compensation). He proposed to live with her and that time Laali took her sight out of the veil and saw Kishan, whose wife left along with two children, six months ago. She knew Kishan before and knew that whenever he came to her house to meet her brother, he was having a desire for her in his eyes.

Laali had no objection from anyone, it can be Kishan or anyone but impossible to live with her husband further. She paid thanks to Kishan in her heart that came as a rescuer for her and saving her from the great trauma. She still remember that her husband came to her and uttered a word, “loser” and left. The kagalo (paper) came out on which the compensation was decided and was signed by the thumb of the sarpanch (the main judge of the bench of the community).

Life with Kishan was good and for long one month they enjoyed the relations, Kishan also took her to Jaipur city, the capital of the state, where they went to see a movie and had shopping. Kishan was not only loving but also dedicated to her. For long one year, Laali loved the nature of Kishan, who many times come forward to cook for her. He always cared for her and honored her desires and never objected anything.

One day when Kishan returned early from the shop, he saw Laali was talking with the neighbor Kalu, laughing and sharing jokes. Kishan know Kalu well and know that he is not a man of good character. But he said nothing to Laali and went inside and lay on the bed. Laali felt guilty about her act and was ready to be scolded by Kishan, after all she had to care the feeling of him, who always ready to make her happy.

But Kishan uttered not a single word and only said that he was not well. The guilt in Laali grew up and she wanted that Kishan should fight and show his possession on her. A feeling, a jealousy, she wanted Kishan to be mean, particularly for her. If she had found Kishan talking and joking with another woman, certainly Laali had boiled and had a great quarrel and it would result in no dinner on that day. Every woman wanted that man put his right on her; it is a part of love when man or woman think that the soul and the body purely are in their control.

But Kishan said nothing and next day life for him went as usual. Laali felt by the attitude of Kishan and emotion of depression arose in her heart, “there is something lacking” stroked Laali,

Kishan should show his possession on her, woman always want that, someone always show that 'you are only mine' and woman enjoys this feeling that , I am feel ownership and control over a woman. This is a tendency that man shows the feeling of jealous when he found his woman with someone else. This is not an ego but a feeling of controlling and loving. This show the density of love in the heart of man for the woman, it is not contradiction with the freedom of woman but every woman wanted that man should show that he is the foremost priority.

Since that day, the gap came between Laali and Kishan, they proceed and remained like before and as usual but there was something started lacking in the relation, Laali wanted that Kishan should contradict her wishes and make demands but contrary he always obey whatever Laali say a nd like to do the same. "It was like living with a machine without the feeling of love" thought Laali, for deepening the love it is necessary that they should fight and keep different opinion on certain issues.

"Let Kishan feel that she also cared for him and like to change her assertion because of him." But Kishan was simple, Once Laali asked him to leave liquor and from next day, Kishan left it forever. "Atleast he should made some argument and show that he is dominating." Woman, generally by nature, wanted to dominate in relation but in reality they wanted to be dominated in love. They have the inherent art of caring and loving. Woman can change their principles if she found that her partner like that.

Since last four years Laali was living with Kishan and got the different taste of relationship. Kishan was not only caring but love to obey her always, as he afraid to lose her. She knew how to bent him and fulfill her demands. Kishan was fond of her and now they were expecting a baby next year.

In India, there is a concept of *pishacha kirya* (monoester sex) in which female wanted her man to act in a monoester spirit, as in cats, the male cat first beat the female cat so much that the female cat left with no energy and later the male made sex. Females sometimes wanted to be abused, to be thrashed and they wanted to be loved. The theory states the extreme of two different feelings, with first humiliation and the second love.

Laali took a sip of tea and felt good, she thought that life is good and she have a lover who can give anything for her but still she missed something in her life. Once her Kaki (Aunt) said that when such feeling starts in woman after marriage, that means, she desires a child, this is the phenomena that went since thousands of years. Children are the main reason of united families in India and women remain duty bound and integrated with the family just because of the children.

But Kishan was exception and therefore the emptiness in Laali started increasing. He never made complaint and never come to any argument. He always follows the will and wish of Laali and therefore Laali start moving out from his control. Life was leisure and there was no financial pressure on the couple and when Laali disclosed that she is pregnant, Kishan cheered and start doing

the household work. Laali was upset that the love which started between them was lost and therefore she felt that becoming a mother of a man like Kishan means giving a birth of a child like him. There was no adventure left in her life and with growing age, Laali wanted to taste the adventure.

Laali wake from her thoughts when there was shouting and cheering in surrounding, mostly children were shouting and she put the empty cup on the ground and paid the shopkeeper. She was curious to know why people were shouting and then she saw a man on motorcycle riding with the speed in narrow streets of the holy town and while driving, he stood on the seat, leaving both of his hands from the handle and balancing in the air on running bike. While standing he made different acts forcing spectators to cheer on his attitude. He was wearing fancy clothes and a colorful spec with long hairs and was good looking.

The look fascinated Laali and she thrilled when she imagine that she is sitting behind the man on motorcycle and thrilled by the speed of motor bike. Life means thrill, excitement, joy and pleasure. The feeling of excitement brought color on the face of Laali and she looked towards foreign tourists who came to India travelling thousands of kilometers just because they want adventure, expending money on long travelling, knowing new things, new lives and new way of feelings. Life is like water if it stayed constant for long time in a ditch it stinks and become dirty, the flowing river never stinks nor the water changed to dirt.

When Laali returned back to her guest room after a long hour of fantasizing the adventure man of motorcycle, she found that Kishan was washing clothes which they had wear yesterday. As usual he never asked where she went and what she had done. When he saw Laali, he smiled and told her how many clothes he had washed and also swept the room. Laali dropped on the bed and start fascinating the thrill of moving motorcycle.

The fairs are known for different games and therefore people enjoy such long fairs in rural country. She stood from the bed and asked Kishan, "I want a colorful goggle and also a trouser and a shirt. I want to change my getup." Kishan smiled and waited to say something and Laali was hopeful that this time Kishan will start argument, as women are not allowed to wear such dresses in the community. But Kishan smiled and said, "You should take two, we will purchase today from the market."

Laali was happy to have jeans and a full sleeves shirt and also a cheap goggle which they purchased from the mela ground. There were hundreds of shops and hundreds of things which women and men like to buy. She came hurriedly to her room and changed the dress. It was first time when Laali wore such attire. She was happy with the dress and she put the goggle on her eyes and opened her hairs and saw herself in the mirror. She was looking beautiful and she love to be admire by any man, "How I am looking," She turned towards Kishan and asked optimistically. "You are looking good" replied Kishan.

Laali was depressed with such reply, she was willing that Kishan hug her badly and make love, long love till the fair ends and she wanted that Kishan should lost his control and showed her that how beautiful she was looking. But contrary, he was cool and only relishing the feeling that he is making a woman happy by arranging some clothes and making her happy by fulfilling her desire. The mood of Laali destroyed and she sat on the bed. She was trying to control her temper as fighting with this man was of no use, as he never confront with her and therefore she will get no space to fight and power to show her frustration.

She saw that Kishan went out and after sometime brought two cups of tea, "You should rest as you are pregnant. I wanted to keep you happy always" said Kishan. They both sat for some time without uttering a word. Kishan was happy because he made the beautiful woman happy to whom he loves more than his life. Laali was unhappy as she was missing something, a love, a feeling of control. "This cannot be a love, simply cohabitation. Love means thrill and romance."

Next day, laali woke early and wore the same outfit which she purchased yesterday and went out. She walked slowly and felt happy that people were gazing at her with more desire and with more eager. They were looking and talking about her. The black goggle on her eyes increased the intrinsic beauty and if she had any lover poet, he had certainly had written something on her, on her beauty, comparing with the zenith, a poem on her eyes and a poem on her body. Laali, this time again, went on the same tea

stall where she had a cup of tea yesterday and found that more people were staring her and she felt proud of herself and of her beauty.

Woman wants to be appreciated, especially on the topic of beauty. She sat on the stool and looked all around. The life means flying and flying and this have some sense. Life doesn't mean living a monotonous style. There should be a difference between human and animal. But in deep heart, Laali was waiting for the man who yesterday came on the motorcycle and staged the show and got applaud of spectators. She looked in different directions. She was searching that man but found no where, suddenly, laali felt her life growing more empty and empty, as she missed something important.

She waited for an hour at the tea stall and her heart was counseling that the same action man will appear from somewhere and will again stage the adventure show but nothing had happened as she desired. She wanted to wait more, her heart was promising and directing to wait, and he will come again. She stood and paid the bill of the tea and dully started walking towards her room. This time she was not caring who was staring her and admiring her. The proud of beauty always came when the beauty has a master. The perceiver is important for a conceiver and without perception there is no conception. It is a sense for the beauty with whom the beauty feels safe and comfortable. She found that some boys were whistling when they saw her and someone passed a comment, a dirty comment. She ignored as

such incident happened in fair and no one give great thought on such cases.

When she returned to her room, she found that Kishan was sleeping, she was feeling tired, her heart was racing that now she will never see that same man again, “He was so dashing and adventure, she felt in love, it was like macho boy” thought Laali. She did know nothing about him and never met him but still she was missing something without him. She was feeling tired and lay on the bed. It was like lifeless life in this colorful place, without getting one look of the man to whom she never met is like she is missing a breath in life.

Laali feel that now for her life has no sense. The man with whom she is living do not love her, he cares just because he need a woman, for him she was like a thing for whom he care, like a cow for a farmer to whom he care to feed her and milk her and respect her. She does not wanted herself to be a cow. Life means love and without love life is not possible. She had seen foreign tourist in market, sitting together sipping tea and talking, sharing, debating, arguing and showing that how much they are different to each other and still they are one.

When Laali woke, it was late evening and Kishan was sitting on a chair and reading a newspaper. He saw Laali standing from the bed and he also stood, “Have you had your lunch” asked Laali, “No I was waiting for you to awake and will have together,” “But it is already 4 in the evening and you had nothing in the morning,” “It doesn’t matter we will have together” said Kishan.

Laali felt that there was irritation on her face but she resist, she wanted that Kishan scold her for her sleep and taunt that whether she came to Pushkar fair to sleep or to enjoy, and she went to washroom and came out after washing her face, “Come lets have something to eat” said Laali. She was now no more interested to lure anyone with her new dress.

They went out in the town and roamed in streets of the holy town, crowded, they found the local sweet dish ‘maalpua’ and enjoyed with the ‘kachori’ the local fast food snack. Kishan was feeling happy that Laali was enjoying the fair, they walk and walk and went to the mela ground where there was a race of camel and camel owners had dressed their animals in colorful clothes and also made embroidery on their skin with different colors.

Laali was excited to see the race of camel, camels were running with speed and it increased the excitement as people shouted for the race, for the speed, for the fun, for the excitement and cheering for different camels.

Laali was happy when she found that the camel on whom she cheered lead the race. There were also dance, local folk dances in the mela ground, the amazing one was of kalbaliya dance, a tribe famous for the dance, the woman of this tribe has big black attractive eyes and she wore black clothes and has long hairs and dancing with all spirits. Men play music on traditional drum and blow pipes with a melody sound.

The beats of the drum was so fascinating that Laali stood from the sand dunes and start dancing barefoot with the woman, the music made a style and mind tuned with the music and so the body turned along with the mind, in oneness, both mind and body moving together in a same spirit, like flowing together, without restriction. There were great claps from spectators and same time a foreign tourist came forward and joined Laali in dancing.

She was happy and remained dancing as she was going in some trance, forgetting everything, her past, her pain, her emptiness, her desires, her pride, her beauty, her desire to see a macho man and also her existence. She came to live when she found that the foreign tourist had held her hand and now coming near to her.

She stopped at once, it was like everything stopped, like falling from paradise. Anger rushed on her face and she came out from the circle, where people were dancing and she walked towards where Kishan was sitting. She found that there was some tension on his face and she was expecting a scolding from his side because she was dancing with another man, but Kishan said, "You should care that you have a baby inside."

The mood was spoiled and Laali start moving towards the dense dunes where there was animal market, hundreds of camel and horses were roaring and it was like a sea of animals everywhere. Buyers were attracting purchasers and there were bargaining on some stalls, the sun was setting in the west and thousands of tourists were enjoying the beauty of nature in this semi- desert. The air balloon company came for a business in the fair and

attracting tourists to have a ride in the balloon to see the mystic scene of the fair ground and of a holy town.

It is a mythology that there was a war between the Lord Brahma and devils who disturbed the peace of seers on this place and Lord Brahma used nuclear weapon to kill those demons. It is also said that radiation of that nuclear weapons still exist on this place and therefore feeling of mysticism prevails when the water of the holy Lake stirs.

The couple returned late in their room and Kishan was eager to know that whether Laali was happy, he was trying to make mood, good mood with light talks but Laali was feeling odd, she came out of trance and sensing her existence which is lacking something in her life. She thought about her anger, an anger that came when someone else held her hand, "I am not available for everyone only for my beloved" thought Laali.

She was not interested to know how Kishan wanted to make her happy and she don't bother what Kishan is feeling, she only wanted to sleep, a great and firm sleep. At that very moment, an image of that macho man came to her mind and it was like feeling of getting herself arisen physically. Her heart pumping the blood faster and she also knows that it would not possible to see that man again as tomorrow is the last day of her stay in this colorful place.

Next morning, Laali repeated her routine by getting out in the street of the town but this time in her simple dress. She went to

the same tea stall again and sat on the same stool and asked for the same taste of tea. She had a light threaded hope that her dream boy will appear again and this is the destiny to meet here again. She saw that dozens of couples were roaming in the market, looking to shops, purchasing, having tea, eating something, giggling, teasing and laughing. The emptiness in her heart again dreaded her and a feeling of depression ran on her face.

In her deep heart, there was a voice, a voice which Hindus believe, a voice of god, came to her, 'he will come wait' and the anxiety start growing but reality said that he will not come, "Who is he and why he impressed me, without meeting and without talking to him, what he had done to me" thought Laali. "No he will not come, he had not promised me to come, why should I blame him, it is my luck, bad luck which I am facing" thought again Laali.

She remained more than an hour and today there was heavy rush, it was not possible to recognize a man to whom she had seen for some minutes from a good distance, two days ago. She stood again and starts moving towards her room. The enthusiasm she had on the first day was now gone away. The sorrow and pain in her heart was increasing. The unknown man was responsible for the pain. Who left her alone in this crowded sea of people. She now had left no desire, she wanted to go back to her home with Kishan, who will care for her, obey her and remain attentive every time. "Why love is not there in my life, I am destitute and left alone by all gods, they don't care for me" Laali

had a low feeling and she wanted to cry and suddenly she had a desire to go to the temple of her deity in Pushkar and cry and cry and shout and ask why the creator of this world has done wrong with her.

She was sad because she was unable to meet the man to whom she saw only for some time and now feeling uncomfortable without him. The soul was struggling as without that man there is no life, as soul wanted to leave the body without a look of a man, the soul wanted to wander in this fair leaving the body alone to search the man who she has start loving.

She returned back to her room where Kishan was busy in reading newspaper, "I want to go back" declared Laali, Kishan was astonished and put the paper on table, "Are you ok, is anything wrong" asked Kishan. He look to the pale Laali who was looking disturbed, He remained silent for some time and then said, "Ok, I am packing bags." Laali wanted to cry but she controlled, "It was your desire to worship in the temple of deity, first we go there and then pack our bags after the late evening prayers on the ghats of the Lake" again decide Laali.

Kishan went to bathroom to dress according to the temple, Laali stood and washed her face, "I know you wanted to meet the priest of our temple, let's go there first" said Laali. The couple came out from the guest room and found that the rush was increasing every minute. Hundreds and thousands of people from different communities pouring in the holy city, there were groups who came for religious ritual or groups who came for mass

marriages and there were groups who came to offer prayers in their deity's temple. There was also crowd from cities came to enjoy the cattle fair and there were also groups who were looking for some entertainment and experiment with drugs.

The deity temple was just behind the main Temple of Brahma, the creator of the universe, as per the mythology and the only temple in the world. The rush was so thick that both Kishan and Laali had to struggle to reach the temple. Kishan was worried about Laali who was pregnant and Laali wanted to find some peace with the deity, wanted to ask questions about her misfortune about her unsettled soul, why she is searching something, wanted to fill the emptiness of her life. And what is true love.

They went inside the temple and bowed in front of the idol, there was heavy rush even inside the temple but mostly people of her own community, relatives or long distance relatives, all came from the same tree or roots of the bloodline. They struggled to reach the front of the statue and bowed with respect and grace and Kishan saw the priest and he took Laali by hand and reached near the priest,

"Oh Kishan how are you" and the priest blessed first Kishan and then he saw Laali and then blessed her, the priest again said "Kishan meet Gopal, son of Maya of Dumara village of Ajmer" and he pointed towards the handsome man.

Heart of Laali sunk and she felt that world will turn upside down, Gopal was the same man for whom she was searching since last

three days, and he was handsome, smiling, attractive and moreover charming. Laali never seen such a handsome man in her life, well built and dashing, 'the true love,' and she hesitate to see him directly.

"Ya, mother told me that your Kaki was related to my family. Nice to meet you" said Gopal in a confident voice. Kishan also smiled and introduced, "She is Laali" and felt proud when Gopal remained stunt seeing the woman. For Gopal, Laali was beautiful and a woman that can attract anyone, even the corpse waiting for the last rite stood with the touch of Laali. For him, Laali was like a wind in the thrill and romance in a love.

Kishan and Gopal separated from the place after some chat but Laali wanted to remain in the temple, in Pushkar, in front of Gopal, always and forever and wanted to see Gopal again, wanted to talk with him, wanted to know him, wanted to be with him, it was like first site love and later when there was community feast in the premises of temple, Gopal found opportunity to sit beside Laali, "You are beautiful" said Gopal.

Laali, shied and said nothing. She wanted to say that 'you are handsome' but remained mum because everywhere there were community members and she hesitated to reveal her feelings. Just after the food, Laali went to wash her hand and Gopal followed her, He took the glass of water to wash her hand and abruptly he hold the hand of Laali, she went red with shyness and tried to get out of the grip. Her heart was pounding and she wanted to hide herself from everyone. She tried to get the hand

out from the grip but Gopal was adamant. "I wanted to meet you and talk with you" added Gopal. Laali smiled and blushed and ran back towards the temple. Gopal followed her and chased her everywhere.

She was trying to catch every view of Gopal and was sitting on the floor near the main gate, hundreds of people coming inside the temple and performing rituals and chanting song for the deity, "At what time we leave for our home" asked Kishan, who came back to Laali and sat beside her. Laali return back to the life, "Ya, hummm, Let stay for one more day if you can, I am feeling peace here" replied Laali. Kishan smiled and said "as you wish."

After an hour when it was late afternoon, Kishan left the place and said that he wanted some nap and left Laali who wanted to sit more in the temple for peace of her heart, the peace she founded in the temple. Now she was alone and after sometime, Gopal came and sat near her, "I love you" said Gopal and hold her hand. Laali felt shy and she wrapped herself and put the veil on her face so that no one can recognize her individuality. She also wanted to remain with Gopal from her heart but feared the society.

It was like dream comes true, like the deity blessed her with accepting the wish of her life and granted her true love and blessed her after she faced great pain of being loveless,

"But I know nothing about you" replied Laali slowly and hesitantly. "Never mind, I am Gopal, had a child marriage but my

wife died after sometime now all alone, working in the motorcycle showroom at Ajmer and enjoying life. I belonged to Dumara village where my mother lives with my elder brother and his wife and with two grandchildren,” stated Gopal.

And after some time both left for the mela ground to enjoy the colorful cattle fair. Laali felt that she was flying and her feet not touching the ground. There was more color in her heart than the fair had gathered.

Practically love is beyond logic and reasoning and therefore it never deduced right and wrong, it is wild sensation which calculate nothing and totally nothing but desire. A lover never calculate whether the step taken in love is right or wrong and never use logic about the result of that love.

Yes, love is beyond logic but leads by the desire and lust and keeps the deductive instinct on back seat and when one gets what desired give feelings of completeness. And love becomes essential.

3. Child Marriage

According to elderly people of some communities, child marriage is one of the reasons to start this nata pratha. The child marriage is still in practice in the state of Rajasthan and even after making it a crime legally, communities are not coming out of it. The child marriage means, a marriage of children at tender age but in most of the communities the cohabitation is allowed when the members of a couple reached to the age of adult.

There are hundreds of cases and photographs carried by newspapers, when children aged 1 to 3 were tied in the knot of marriage by parents and the whole community gathered in the celebration and witnesses this ritual.

Even at present communities prefer child marriages and they give logic that child marriage save extravagant and expenses of marrying their children differently. Still there are hundreds of couples living happily who had child marriage and now they are lawyers, doctors, police officials and also politicians. And there are also cases where life of a boy or a girl spoiled because of this ritual.

In child marriage, parents marry two or even six children together of different ages. Communities say that with this system they have no tension how they arrange marriages of their daughters or sons when they grow up. Another reason of child marriage is to confine blood line within community so that their children do not

go out and cross the line and marry girls or boys of different communities.

They also move ahead that child marriage is better because at adolescence their children do not commit crimes and they put forward that crime rate like rape or eve teasing was less in past in their societies because of this child marriage ritual.

Some of the educated leaders of these communities made version that when Moguls advanced in Rajasthan they put bad eyes on their girls and women and therefore to save their blood line and community they went to the child marriage system. In this way envision of enemies do not corrupt their woman and their woman remain safe.

There are thousand and thousand couples in the state who are living together just because they had child marriage and there are also dozens of examples coming out where girls and boys are opposing the child marriage and there is a NGO Sarthi who is taking legal course to nullified the child marriages and challenging these marriages as against the law throughout the state.

These volunteers say that child marriage means blocking the right of a girl to choose the right groom. In India, women had the right to choose her husband and epics like Ramayana and Mahabharata display example of freedom of women choosing their own husband. They add that child marriage is blocking the development of boys and girls and psychologically they feel that their career is stopped with this knot.

The major reason which made the system of child marriage progress in this land is poverty. Farmers are not rich in Rajasthan even having big lands. Most of the farmers who have land near highway are selling them and shifting to cities. Farming is not a handsome business nowadays where lands are turning small pieces with distribution of share in family's members, generation to generation and youth are no more interested to continue their traditional work. They wanted jobs in cities and wanted to live comfortable life. Parents who have two or three girls feel tension as marriages in this land are costlier. The feast for the community is essential as well as the dowry to the groom also matters in the community.

Sometimes parents are forced to sale their land and even houses to organize a function of marriage as per the desire of community. Moneylenders in village enjoy such functions as they lend money on high interest. Even these days, money lenders are the main source of loan for farmers and the interest is so high that they remain in debt for whole life and also left debt to coming generation.

Parents found relief and comfort with child marriage when their two or three daughters are tied down in the knot of marriage at same time and at same function without expanding extra money on marriage. They have to spend one time for organizing feast for the community. Mostly at the time of *Akha Teej*, when no zodiac calculation required fixing the time for marriage, communities organize child marriages. Lakhs of rupees are expanded on

bringing awareness against child marriage but things are not changed with pace in rural regions.

Since last ten years there was pressure from the side of government and also from courts banning every sort of child marriage but the ritual still prevails as community leaders participate in such functions because they wanted their community support at the time of elections and secondly police never dare to enter the village and try to stop the child marriage because of the fear of villagers.

The new law also make accuse to all those who organize child marriage but also who provide services in such functions, like caterer, barber or even musical band operators, The major setback for this ritual which is legally banned is the difference of opinion and thinking in the youth. Girls of different communities are nowadays seeking higher education and therefore they wanted that there groom should be educated and like the modern boy.

Just after the holy dip in the Pushkar Lake, Gopal sat on his knees and proposed Laali to live with him. He opened his heart to her and announced that destiny made them to meet in such a religious place. He also announced that she is the most beautiful woman he had seen and he fall in love with her. Laali blushed and then hug him tightly. She remained silent for some minutes, looked towards sky where stars shining with full moon.

The beauty of the sky brought happiness in her heart, “I am pregnant, the child belongs to Kishan and do not wanted to deceive him” replied Laali. She saw that Gopal was noticing her every move, “I don’t mind to have your child, rather I feel happy to bring it up, my ultimate aim is to live my life with you” said Gopal and he hold her tightly.

Laali start judging the situation, on one side she have a man who care for her and brought her from her miseries, who can do anything for her. Without her, it will be a bad time for him if she left without saying anything. He is economically independent and will be in pain when he comes to know that she is leaving. On other side there is a man to whom she loves a man of romance, adventure, independent and a man of new generation.

He know how to live and to make others live. With Kishan her life will go on as it is and will become dull with time but still she will have economical independence. Living with Gopal, means life has new dimension, new ways and romance. She was not aware about the condition and nature of Gopal as love is blind but looking to such man, anyone can state that he knows how to make things accordingly.

She took some steps away from Gopal and looked towards the crowd that was coming in large number to have a dip in holy water even at late evening, the Brahma Temple, ahead lighten with thousands of bulbs and lights everywhere. Brahma, the god who teach us creation and moving and not to stop as the world, the universe remain moving, not standing still on one place.

She decided and went to Gopal, "Please inform Kishan to meet her at Panchayat of the community" said Laali and hold the hand of Gopal to move with him in his two room house in Ajmer at Bhopo ka Bara. After all Kishan was not her husband and she is not married to Kishan and there is no religious obligation which hurt Laali. She too has the right to live and to get the true love of her life.

She experienced the first great motorcycle ride with Gopal and it was almost midnight, the hilly region having curves and blind turns that bring adventure to anyone. The full moon in the sky was witnessing the true love on earth and smiling and spreading the shine everywhere. Laali was feeling complete with Gopal who was singing a song of her community when the groom marches towards the house of bride on horse. They left Pushkar after informing about Laali moving ahead with Gopal and they asked the priest to inform Kishan about this new development.

The Panchayat after two months preceded the matter of Laali and Kishan was called for hearing, Kishan made no objection and also denied for any Jhagda (compensation) Laali witnessed that proceeding with Gopal and saw that Kishan went weak physically and had long beard. He was not ready to dispute and never tried to look towards Laali who was again sitting in a veil in the women block.

He said not a single word against Laali and accepted the Kaglo. The Jagda is essential and panchayat decided nominal compensation against Laali which Gopal paid happily.

For Laali, it was a new world and Gopal loved her, they start enjoying the urban life and when Laali give birth to a boy, Gopal arranged a big party, People from their community were invited, friends of Gopal brought gifts for the little baby and relatives came to greet the couple. Both Laali and Gopal was happy, mother of Gopal came to live with them to take care of the baby. Laali felt that she blessed by the deity to have such a partner for her to live such good life.

In next two years Laali went to different cities even to New Delhi and enjoyed the ride of metro train, she was thrilled and wished to live in a city like this where everyone has mood of parties and decent way of talking. There were other cities which they moved and enjoyed. Gopal once borrowed a jeep from his friend and they roamed madly on highways without caring for anyone, once she also had a bottle of beer with Gopal and he taught her how to drive four wheeler.

Gradually the burden of money start worrying the couple and Gopal left his job and start looking another to have more incentives and perks to support the fun and the family. He started drinking and remained most of the time with friends. Whenever he returns back to home he wanted Laali in his bed. In morning he started planning for a trip to Gujarat or to Mumbai and promised that one day they will go to the beach of south peninsula and make fun.

One day, when the boy of Laali turned to four, a summon of Panchayat reached at her to appear with the boy, Kishan called

the panchayat and demanded his son as he had another woman in his house to look after his son. Laali along with Gopal attended the proceeding and Kishan made argument in for custody of his boy. It was a great setback for Laali that his son will be snatched from her. She asked Gopal to save her boy but Gopal was already mingled in his fuss of leaving jobs and planning to earn more.

Laali look towards the woman who was with Kishan, she was more young and beautiful with fair color and eager and wishing for the victory of Gopal and women who were gathered in Panchayat also appreciating her. After two days long proceedings, panchayat decided to give the boy to Kishan and decided a huge compensation for Laali, Kishan paid her the money immediately. The decision of Panchayat was final and Laali left her boy in the lap of Kishan and cried heavily while returning back to Ajmer.

Time was passing and Laali felt that adventure after which she went crazy is now looking like burden to her. She stopped moving out and starts living in her house taking care of her house. She felt that she wanted to talk with Gopal, wanted to share her feelings and wanted to think about life but Gopal was only interested in her or in adventure.

There were times when Gopal made program for movie or to roam in street but Laali declined and there were times when the couple had no talking terms for many days.

Gopal wanted to make Laali happy and felt that romance, adventure and craze is missing in her life and therefore she went depressed. He wanted to do something to make this woman happy to whom he loves from his deep heart. But things for Laali had changed, she was missing her son and wanted to think and talk some sense with Gopal, outing, roaming and adventure are now irritating her. She wanted to know the meaning of life and therefore the thrust for it grow more and more.

Suddenly she start feeling emptiness in her life, she wanted to talk wanted to know the truth and wanted to feel the truth, "Love never make you sad and if it do so that it is not love" thought Laali. Relation of Laali with Gopal went sour, Gopal know nothing about sensible talking or introspection of life, he only knows to look life with new dimension with romance and adventure.

Laali started living alone in her house for a whole day and Gopal usually return late in night and drunk. In intoxication he starts making plan for a trip or to have a new movie. He talked only about love and lust and loving Laali, while Laali wanted that Gopal talk something sense to settle down in a good manner, talking something about society, religion, and settling things in a way of stability. The gap start increasing between these two lovers and Laali never realized when she went away from Gopal mentally.

One day Laali decided to go the house of Kishan to see her son, she was missing her son desperately and wanted to wish him, feel him and talk to him, after all she gave birth to him, and he is a

part of her. Even her blood is flowing in her. She still remembered that her baby cried loudly when she left him in the lap of his father, Kishan after the verdict of Panchayat.

That time she had no courage to stay there and witness the departure of a baby but now the mother sense was shaking her badly to see the boy. One day she asked Gopal to accompany her to Sikar, at the house of Kishan to see her son.

“I really wanted to meet my son” said Laali, Gopal was in hurry to leave the house as he was expecting a new offer of service from his known friend in Jaipur.

“If you feel so then you should go but I have great work here, I will leave you at bus stand so that you can go and come back whenever you want” said Gopal,

Laali remained silent for some minutes, Gopal looked at her and said, Just give me few months and I will change your life, there is great money coming ahead and we will settle in Jaipur or in Delhi” added Gopal.

It was now true that Laali was not interested in fun full life but at this time she wanted to be mature, “Yes fun and adventure in necessary for life but life is not only fun and adventure. I wanted to talk something which I myself do not know and wanted that my partner remain with me feel me and understand these unspoken words. Being with the man who love me most I feel lonely” thought Laali.

It was not that Laali escaping from situations but she feel that her man must understand her, talk to her, talk about anything, with all sense and feel what her wanted to say, "Life doesn't mean standing on a spot for life long. Time teaches us to become mature and so love has to be mature with romance and fun.'

One day when Gopal came late from his work, Laali sat on the bed and said, "I wanted to talk to you," Gopal nodded and said, "I know what you wanted, I am trying to make our life better and need some time to make things state. We will go to Mumbai."

Laali irritated because Gopal did not understand her situation and wanted to remain busy with his own thoughts, "Gopal, you should understand me, you are running away from reality. Life is not money or fun but it has sense."

She paused and said, "I have no complaint from you, you care me and love me and dedicated to me but you don't understand what I am facing, I am feeling alone, I wanted to talk, I wanted to realize what is missing in me, I want you to stand with me in such situation, I am just feeling that something is more required to make our love better." She looked at Gopal but this time he looked irritated.

"See Laali, I am doing my best to keep you happy and trying to get a good work and money, because money is essential to live a colorful life, give me some days to make things move."

Laali wanted to cry and wanted to fight with Gopal but she only said, “Gopal I am sorry, I am unable to make you understand but I need peace.”

Gopal stood from the bed and went to have a glass of water, “I think you should go and see your son, I think this is troubling you. I have lot of work here and can’t go with you” conclude Gopal and he went back to bed and after some time he was snoring.

Laali remained on her bed thinking about herself, “Is Gopal is true that what she missing in her life is a child. It is really one of the concerns that made her unstable, after all child for mother is important.” She remembered that her mother put every effort to bring her children grownup.

She knows that her son is in good hands as she know that Kishan is a man of caring. “If he was not then he had never claimed for his son and was ready to pay any compensation in panchayat” thought Laali.

She looked back to her life and felt that Gopal was not her mistake because he loves her and care her, Gopal showed her the world of fun and adventure, he brought the life which was going dull, he made her happy and still working hard just because to make her happy forever. But she felt, why he doesn’t understand that love doesn’t only mean fun and craze; it should have the essence of maturity, a sense of introspection.

There should be understanding and there should be insight to know each other, love is the richest element that nourishes the

soul and body. Making soothing of body is not the aim of love but it should also make the soul sooth.

Next day when Gopal was preparing to go out Laali came forward and said that she wanted to go to Sikar and want to meet her son. Gopal was in hurry and only said, "Ok tell me the day and I will leave you at bus stand."

Laali went angry and said, "I want to go today and from there I will go to my father and will inform you when I will return," Gopal nodded and rushed outside kissing her and said he loves her.

Laali got the overnight private bus from Ajmer to Sikar and she board in it, she had a window seat at left side, Gopal came to drop her and also brought a water bottle and some chips for refreshment, "Just inform me about your program and when you are coming back, I will miss you" said Gopal.

Laali smiled. She was touched by the love of Gopal and felt that he starts understanding her. The bus was moving and cool night start giving a fresh air to the mind of Laali and she again start thinking what life is and what love is.

She was deceived by her thought previously and took that love has an essence of dashing attitude with adventure and romance. It is not wrong that adventure and romance has to be a part of love but phenomenological it is not all but a part, a piece and not a whole, a line but not a square. She had no grievance against Gopal and she respects him as she respect Kishan even today because Kishan never hurt her.

For Laali love is not simply an objective, she thought, it also have a subjective part and living with Gopal for long seven years made her feel that there left emptiness because of the subjectivity in life. The question is whether subjectivism increase love or it is beyond love is not concerned this moment. The individuality can produce an ego which bring fraction in love.

The feeling of 'I am' made self as the first person and this 'I am' need something insight to feel self and to hear self and to understand self. She was not same as she was seven years ago when the 'I am' was not active and now this self, 'I am' came in her life, she found that the differences between her and Gopal start increasing because they both have different opinion of life.

She reached the village of Kishan early morning and hesitated to walk on the same path which she covered with Kishan after she had the 'nata' with him. For her there was a new world and now it is like entering in the old world. She felt that she can walk on this path with her closed eyes and can feel every step which she covered with Kishan, hundred times. "Life moves in circle and bring situation again on same point but the point changed by situations and also by time."

Carrying a hand bag with her dresses and belongings and also some toys for her son, Laali felt difficult in moving towards the house of Kishan. The sun was thirty degree towards east and Laali was exhausted. "Have I taken wrong step by leaving Kishan who was so much caring and loving? But Gopal also love me and have care for me."

The difference between them is one is the stable water of a lake and other is the flowing water of a river. Both helps in satisfying the thrust and both help in washing the mud but still both are different in nature.

When Laali hesitated knocked the door of Kishan, a koyal started singing a song somewhere and she felt a good sign, it was like the bird of the village is welcoming her back and after some minutes, a boy of about seven came running barefoot and opened the door, it was like that the child was waiting for her mother to arrive, "What do you want, father is out," said the little boy. A female voice came from inside, "Guddu, who is there son, I am coming."

Tears started flowing from the eyes of Laali and she bent towards a boy and tried to take him on her shoulder but boy struggled to get free, from the hands which he needed most when he was tender, he stepped back and shouted, "Aamma, someone is there."

A woman came running and the boy hide behind her as Laali came to snatch him from his house and from his mother. She saw Laali and her expression changed. "Yes," and then automatically she said, "Please come in" Laali uttered not a single word and was looking to her son, he was grown up, his eyes resembles her and her nose also look like her but cheeks and forehead match Kishan.

There was silence for so many minutes, as the past made long distance to reach this point and the boy ran inside the house. “I was passing by and just had a desire to see my son, I mean the boy” said Laali with difficulty and corrected herself.

The woman smiled and asked her to sit, “Kishan usually talk about you and admire you, he told me that one day you will come to meet your son and asked me to welcome in this house” said the woman and went inside to fetch something to drink and eat.

The boy was now looking to Laali from the corner of the inside door and shyly ran inside and his voice came from inside, “Aamma who is she, she is your friend.”

“Yes beta (son) she is my friend go and say hello to her” replied the woman. Within short time the woman return back with a glass of milk and some snacks and put the tray in front of Laali.

The woman then shouted, “Gudda, come see Kaki (aunty) wanted to meet you,” The boy came running, he was wearing a short paint and baniyan, his hairs were spread on his forehead and he came running with speed.

He came and again hides himself behind the woman. Laali saw him and felt proud that she had given birth to such a beautiful child, all her love came in her eyes and then she said, “See what your aunt brought for you.”

And she took out a packet of toys from her bag and also some chocolates. The boy saw toys and attracted but hesitated in

taking and judging whether to take risk for those attractions. He looked towards the woman and when she nodded, he ran and snatched the packet from her and ran inside. Both women laughed on the act of boy. "He is becoming naughty day by day and his father is helping him to do so," said the woman.

The boy many times came out and then ran again back inside and after sometime he came with the toy of bus and start driving on the floor and shouted, "Ma see my bus, I will take you for a tour, come sit," and again ran inside.

Laali was quiet, as she went in stupor, a feeling of completeness, like a rebirth of a soul, like seeing herself from the sky 'for mother her children are everything and her every breath, as only the mother feel the heart beating of her child before it came into life. It is only the mother who know that someone is taking birth inside her and it is the mother who rhythm her heart with the beat of the child in her womb.'

For Laali world stopped and halted forever when she saw her own child playing with a toy, "Sensing motherhood is the true love and it is like salvation from the sorrowful world" thought Laali.

She sat there for long minutes in silence and the woman was sitting near her, do not wanted to disturb the thought process of the guest. She had not seen Laali in her life but the expression of being a mother made her recognize that Laali had knocked the door to see her son. She thought, what god plans is mysterious; I can never become mother in this life but now having a beautiful

child in my lap, with whom I sleep, and with whom I eat. On other hand there is a woman who gave birth to this child but cannot touch him and starving for deliverance to kiss him.

After sometime, Laali came back from her thoughts and she looked towards the woman, "You are really good and you deserve whatever you have, being as elder sister, I wish all happiness in your life," blessed Laali to the woman and said, "Can you bring me something to eat."

The woman smiled and stood up and moved to kitchen by saying give her some minutes. Laali looked everywhere in the room and it was same where once she had long love with Kishan, a place where hundreds of times they sat together and had food, a place where they planned a baby who now is playing on its floor. But, now things have changed upside down.

She heard the giggling and shouting of her boy from inside and the woman encouraging her to remain happy. It was like the house got the soul by the laugh of a child. She closed her eyes and blessed her son from her heart and start crying.

When the woman return with a breakfast, she found that there was no one in the room, the door was half open and there was no one on the road. She was astonished and tried to understand what had happened, the boy came running from behind and asked, "Where she has gone, will she come again and bring toys for me."

The woman remained calm for some time and then she cried as her heart understood the pain Laali had, she cried loudly and the boy gripped her tightly as something wrong has happened in his life.

Laali was moving alone on the road as the heat started increasing with sun moving on the top. She put veil on her face so that no one can recognize her and also no one can see her tears which were flowing with rate. She wanted to cry loudly, loudly as she can. She cannot blame the panchayat for the injustice she is facing because she herself used panachayat for her own benefit and she is responsible for her situation.

“I bless you my son and my son you live long” uttered Laali slowly for herself or for the god who is hearing those whispers and will convey the blessing to her son.

For hours Laali remained seated at bus stand which was a shade near a tree. As the Kishangarh Sikar road turned to mega highway, traffic also increased on this route. There were several buses which went to her village but Laali left with no courage nor did she have energy to move a single step.

She remained there for hours, bypassers wondered about this woman sitting alone without any work at bus stand. She was still feeling the laugh of her child and she was smelling his fragrance which resemblance her own smell, it is like she left her part here and now the body do not wanted to move ahead without him.

“For mother giving birth to a child is a feeling of completeness. For a woman, children are the most important and close relation as the life as a child came from her inside, it is like multiply herself.”

In India, mother is a first teacher for a child and first god in the row of religion. There are hundreds of stories related to mother in this religion and most precious relation taken on earth.

At last, Laali forced smile with the thought that her son have a mother and a good life ahead, she know Kishan and his nature of caring, even the woman was good and a real mother, “Even lord Krishna had second mother who brought Him with great care and concern and now his son also have a second loving mother” thought Laali. She stood and saw there was a bus for Jabasar and she step up for her next destination.

Laali remained almost a week at her father’s resident. This was a lazy life after long time; her younger brother Suresh was planning to shift to Sikar with her beautiful but arrogant wife who usually fought with Kamala.

Suresh care for his wife more than his parents and lately convince by his wife that there is no future in the village, ‘controlling husband is an inherent art of a woman and they develop their place in the family and this is also a major reason for nuclear families in India, where husbands follows the steps of wife for independence.’

Beera was unconcerned with these domestic disputes but Kamala wanted to remain in battle against her daughter-in-law. The elder son Naresh already went away to settle in Sikar with his wife and two children and now the younger one also planned to move out. Kamala was disturbed and blamed conspiracy by her daughter-in-law.

“One day when you left with nothing and wanted to return back to my house then I will kick you out that day” shouted Kamala and Suresh came to save his wife.

“What is the need of such fight, ok we will never return back to your house, neither you try to knock my door” said Suresh.

Kamala started crying and abused the couple. Laali came for her rescue and asked Suresh and his wife to get out, “This is not your house. Don’t you remember how your husband kicked you out and now you wanted to disturb this house” shouted wife of Suresh. Laali was red with anger but she tried to control her anger.

There was fight for long two days in the house and Laali wanted to leave the place, Beera remained out for most of the time and Kamala was upset with the decision of his son, she wanted that her children remain with her, “every woman have a desire to bring up her grandchildren and feel the touch of a new generation,” But Suresh was adamant and following his wife.

They almost packed everything which they brought or purchased as they do not have to come back to this place, Suresh got a

good job in a factory and also arranged a house with the help of his in-laws, his wife belongs to Sikar and therefore getting support of her family. She does not want to waste her whole life in this arid village.

Laali went out for a walk, she do not wanted to involve in this mess, "There are already lots of problems in my life" thought Laali. She went walking and sat on the footsteps of a temple of the village, the temple is of Lord Krishna. Krishna is the main god in northern India having thousands of followers. The main reason is Lord Krishna taught the world about dressing attitude and thought of rightness.

There were few devotees coming and going and offering prayers in the temple. Laali knows that Krishna taught about karma and about right action but what they are, she wanted to know but her community was not allowed to study, especially religion. Things have changed in cities but in villages things are still same, there is discrimination with low caste. Laali can read but cannot write well. She can read newspaper, magazine and even some books.

She remembered her childhood friend who worship this deity and also keep fasts, once she said, "Geeta is the main book of Hindus and having every answer of problems of this world" Laali also wanted all answers of her life. She wanted to know where she was wrong and what she have to do and most importantly to know if love exists and if so, what is true love.

“If Lord Krishna knows everything then I will follow his path for salvation and to satisfy the soul” Thought Laali. She looked towards the statue of Lord Krishna from the footstep, black in color, may be granite stone with a flute in hand, having decoration and crown on His head, yes, smiling and Laali closed her eyes and start prayer.

“O! Lord help me, guide me and bless me” she remained silent for long time with closed eyes, standing, breathing slowly and suddenly she found peace in her mind. It was not at once, but first lot of things start running in her mind, her son, Kishan, Gopal, laughing, enjoying crying, running and roaming, her childhood, her frustration and slowly and slowly everything start fainting and nothing, really nothing passing in the mind, only the experience of breathing and her beating heart, she found peace and happy to feel this new feeling.

She opened her eyes and found that the color of sun rays changed and she experienced newness in the light, she felt good, “Is the lord is showing the art” thought Laali, she remained sitting on footstep for long time. “Does god exist? Yes priest said that they exist” and “What god do? He takes care of us” But god cannot be so cruel. “Gods are not cruel, it is the karma which we face in this world” then what is karma (action).

Laali stood from the stairs and start looking for the priest. She found him sitting near a peepal tree and reached towards him, she wished the priest and he blessed her and she directly asked, “What is karma sir?” Priest looked to the woman and astonished

by such question, “Who you are and why you are asking” “I am Laali, daughter of Beera sir you know me” replied Laali.

Priest hesitated and asked her to stand away from him, “You will not understand what karma is because you do not know religion. Go away” replied priest and start concentrating on his meditation.

Dissatisfied and humiliated Laali start moving to her house, she now wanted to know what karma is and why it is responsible factor of changing life. She went to her house almost at the time of dusk and she found that her father retired from his work and now planning to go to his friend to enjoy his drink.

“Father tells me what karma is” Laali shoot the question. Beera looked to her and then remain quiet and sat on the floor near the main gate, “Are you ok, I think you need rest as you are disturbed go inside and have food and rest” said Beera and stood from the floor and left the house.

Laali was uneasy and wanted to know about karma, and fate and truth and everything which seers tried hard to know. She felt that there is no use of talking such things with these people; her mother was busy and disturbed with the separation of her younger son. Laali was not interested to eat and therefore went out in the veranda and sat for long time.

Later she decided to leave her house as soon as possible in the morning and she went to sleep. It was a thirsty soul which wanted solace in the shade of philosophy.

4. Mysteries

With changing time things change and so the culture and history and architect also become mysterious for people when they are not solved and for long time remained unanswered. Large numbers of stories emerge from such mysteries and no one able to reach the truth or fact of that change. These mysteries remained unsolved because no proper scientific method used to solve such mysteries. Mystery in one sense is unanswered problems that went round and round on assumptions with no concrete solution. There can be different reasons and logics but no specific answer or solution. Life too is taken as mysterious because it has different perspectives but no perfect way out.

Similarly, at present, in the age of technology, there are also mysterious things in the land of Rajasthan which have different stories but no truth has been reached till now. One of them is the *Sisa khan* in Ajmer, situated just near the foothills of Aravallis, where there was a fort of King Prithiraj Chouchan once, the last Hindu King of India. The fort said to be built in 10 century to save the capital from invasion. Later Mohammad Gori defeated the king in the battle at Punjab. The khan means here is a mines and the sisa is known as zinc.

This sisa khan is mysterious because there are tunnels inside with a big mouth and no one has reported enter and reached the last corner of these mines. The stories emerged because of the

location and behavior of this mine. As cold winds come from the mouth of the tunnel in summers and there are different stories on this attribute. There are also stories that King Prithviraj constructed a tunnel from Ajmer to New Delhi which is about four hundred and 20 kilometers in distance. The tunnel used for carrying the military and king himself ride his horse in the tunnel to reach Delhi in one hour. There are also stories that the channel was dug to hide the treasure of King Prithviraj which Mohammad Gori came to loot. There is no evidence that Gori looted this treasure and it is said that the treasure is still hidden in these old tunnel with some mysterious keys and locks deep inside the tunnel to save it from the invaders.

At present the tunnel is closed by the Archeological survey of India to preserve it as a historical monument. There is populated area around this tunnel and people dug the ground around the tunnel to construct their houses. The mystery has not been solved yet. People witnessed that even when temperature went high to 43 degree Celsius, the mouth of the tunnel blow cold winds.

There are also stories that some groups tried to go inside the tunnel and never returned because there are different routes inside the tunnel and also stories that there are deep well in the way that went direct to the crux of the earth. Such stories still run in local people but now the mouth of the tunnel is blocked and no more rumors came out from it.

Some facts from history states that the sisa khan was the zinc mines near foothills of Aravillis at about one thousand BC and that was corroborated when a zinc company found the third largest deposit of zinc near that hills at Kayar, some twenty five kilometers from sisa khan. The history said that at that time, there was large deposit of zinc and lead at this place, where now sisa khan is situated and it was mined by underground digging. The curves also show that heavy minerals were extracted from this tunnel. Even local people say that 'sisa' means zinc and khan means mine. And if history of such mining was reality then there should be research to prove that how technical the civilization was at that time in one thousand BC.

No research or investigation is conducted yet to solve the factual status of this place and people residing around this place only know that this is sisa khan and the structure tried to save by Archeological Survey of India is encroached by baggers.

Old people who evidence the mouth of the tunnel state that there were vast tunnels inside as like different streets are moving in different directions. The curiosity increases with such stories and turn to humors. The geological department now confirming that the belt of zinc and lead pass in a stretch from west south to north east of Aravillis.

The mystery of sisa khan is unsolved and so of Laali who once went with Gopal and fascinated by this mystery. The importance of mystery is that it gives new stories and new vision every time till they are not solved. "My life is also like sisa khan, a mystery,

unknown, and vague. It has some facts but has no definite line or result” thought Laali, who took the bus early morning next day to Ajmer, to reach back to her life which has no meaning left.

She was feeling sleepy in the bus as the heat increasing with the sun moving on clear sky. “Life and death are mystery” Thought Laali and without studying the philosophy and religion, she was trying to touch the wisdom and the knowledge which never said by the seers in right terms and therefore she disturbed by the half knowledge, the knowledge which she had heard from different people, at different time and at different place. The Karma is the action, but what action has to be performed and if action result in future then why people believe in palmistry. It is a curiosity to know the future, becoming rich and happy, without doing any action, just getting the blessings of stars and planets. Palmist earn by announcing the future good and bad equally and issue warning, suggesting stones to wear, advising rituals to perform.

When Laali was very young and she too went to a fair in Churu district. The fair was colorful and she still remembered, she was with her mother and some more relatives of her mother. They all enjoyed the fair and also purchased some clothes. Enjoyed food and played games.

There was a palmist in the fair, her mother was curious about the future of Laali and she took the small girl to him. The palmist, in white clothes with a bag near him, big glasses, thin and looking poor, he asked Laali to spread her hand and he started studying

the lines on her palm. He studied both palms with a glass in his hand and then consult some book.

“Your daughter will travel lot and enjoy her life, her husband will love her but the problem is she will feel unfulfilled and remain displeased in her life, see the mount of Venus is good but the sun line is not right. The Jupiter is also not helpful and will take her in wrong direction. She will try to know what is not necessary” said the palmist and took some money from her mother.

Laali got nothing that time and was happy that she would get the chance to travel. Her mother scolded that she had to remain discipline and away from books. The incident came and went away but now Laali realize that knowing future is the important curiosity of men and therefore they wear lots of stones in rings and also lockets to get the bad effect pass away peacefully. “If stones save from bad effects then the importance of karma decreased.”

The mystery of life never resolved by the seers of India and they only indicate the path on which man has to move. They made principles and draw lines for societies as parallel to the principle of Nature. These principles are necessary to run a society and maintain harmony in groups, even animals have certain principles of society and they run their groups on the basis of such norms, though such principles in animals are also based on principle of Nature but human manifest it in a refined way to make better lives.

Sociologist made commentaries on ethical ways of living and religion is adopted to maintain fear in human to continue the social wheel moving on the basis of morale and rules which created and introduced by religion are forced on masses to maintain healthy society. The fear of god is the most magnificent tool which help the society run otherwise man can be more dangerous than animals.

The mystery of death and birth are unsolved and therefore there are stories and theories like sisa khan. The way of living is describe in different religions and the Hindus feel proud as they have one of the oldest and magnificent law of society which is still continuing since last three thousand years.

The bus got jolt and stop at some bus stand, Laali felt thirsty and wanted to step down from the bus to have some water. She looked all around and found no vendor selling water bottle outside the windows of the bus as there was high heat. These vendors come rushing when bus stops on such stand and shout for the water bottle. The driver was not on the seat and even other passengers were stepping down to have some snacks, or tea or smoke.

Laali stood from her seat and went down. She roamed and looked something to eat and she enjoyed the snack on one of the stall. She felt that she was hungry since morning as she had also nothing last night and nothing this morning. She was busy in tasting the local snack along with a cup of tea and she realized that her bus was leaving the stand, she left the remaining in the

plate and ran to grab the bus, and her bag was still on her seat inside the bus.

The vendor also shouted to stop the bus but the conductor was busy in arguing with a passenger within the bus and the driver was concentrating on the traffic ahead and blowing horn incessantly. She has to run to catch the bus, it was her fault that she had not heard the horn which driver blown for passengers. It was the stall boy who informed her that her bus was leaving. What if the bus left without her, all her money was in the bag.

Laali found that it was difficult to catch the bus but suddenly she found a hand came out from the gate and that hand grabbed her and forced her to put a step on a stair of the gate of a bus. He was in white clothes and he smiled on her success for getting inside the bus. She felt angry and fuming and shouted on the conductor, "Can't you wait for a minute to confirm whether passengers are back," but conductor was an irritated man and he replied, "It is not my duty why you left the bus" and start arguing with other passengers.

Laali angrily went to her seat and her breath was running fast, she tried to control her body and mind, the heat was increasing and so the air got hot. "We all are like passengers who run to grab the bus and in the same way, we have to race for our opportunities to find the truth, the real and the transcendental" thought Laali.

She realized that she was hungry and was unable to realize the hunger because something was mounting on her head. She got everything she desired and also love of a man, a child, adventure and everything but still she felt something lacking in her life, “The gods show us path but what path, Lord Krishna said to act” Thought Laali and then murmured loudly, “It is karma which is important said Krishna” and took a deep breath.

Just a movement after, a voice came to her ears, “It is not Karma but nishkama karma (Action without desiring the result)” said someone from her back seat and she turned to see who rectified her statement.

She found the man who helped her in catching the bus was sitting just behind her seat and was smiling. There was some attraction on his face, simple and glowing and was wearing white clothes. He had a red thin tika on his forehead and his eyes were gleaming. The important attraction of that man was simplicity and he looked towards Laali and nodded, “Jai Shri Krishna.”

The attitude of that man forced Laali to smile and she returned smiled with some more degree, she hesitated for some minutes, “What is Nishkama Karma then?” asked Laali hurriedly.

She heard about action which is taught by Lord Krishna, “Once the saint came to her village when she was small and she along with her mother attended his speech and after every two sentences, he stated and announced, “Karma (action) is important and therefore do you action regularly.”

But now first time she heard about Nishkama Karma. The man behind her smiled again and said, “The action done without worrying the result, the action which is performed without desiring any fruit,” and he closed his eyes leaving more curiosity. “And what happen when we perform our action without any desire and why we perform such action if we left no desire of the result” asked Laali again.

The man opened his eyes and further smiled, “In that way, an action without desiring result, whatever you do, you will have no single feeling of un-success, neither feeling of revenge nor you have any expectations from the work or from yourself. This will help you to remain calm, the action which performed with the desire of result leads you in pressure and therefore before performing the act you have pre-deposit that the result will be according to the act, and fear of failing to get the desired result, that leads you to frustration” said the man.

His speech was so impressive that more passengers started giving ear to him. He smiled and continued, “The substance like desire, frustration, expectations, sorrow, and pity all affects the body and the blood pressure changes with such feelings that affect not only our psychology but also our body.”

He continued, “See a businessman in metro city, he invest money in business expecting the result that the money will multiply. He creates hope and expectation with this action or karma of investment and these hopes and expectations increased his

blood pressure as he remains thinking about the result every time.

And if suppose the investment failed to get more money than it result in sorrow and grief, it also affect the blood pressure and create pressure on his heart and also on his mind and he start comparing with his competitor and feeling of jealousy emerged, hatred will come out and such feelings also increase blood pressure and create pressure on mind. And when he came to know that some person is responsible for his failure in investment then the feeling of enemy grips him that also affects the blood pressure of the body and pressure on heart and on mind.”

He took a breath and said, “Remember blood pressure and pressure on mind give birth to sleeplessness, anxiety and also to fear and to panic attacks. Big private hospitals are coming in cities just because for these groups of people who need treatment of heart and blood pressure.”

Passengers of the bus turned into audiences of that preaching man, there was no noise, even tender age children were silent, men and women and even conductor who was shouting on a passenger few minutes ago was hearing the words of this man carefully.

He again continued, “And suppose that businessman invest his money without any desire, simply taking it as he is doing his karma of business with all calculation, he will not wait for the

result and will say, 'this is my work and I am performing it' and if the investment result in bad business, he will feel that something wrong calculation happened, he will not blame anyone or feel jealous of other who succeed.

The only solution to overcome the damage is to try another time taking lesson from the mistake that were made previously. See, these days, not only in cities but also in villages and in towns, people are suffering from blood pressure, diabetes, heart attack and sleeplessness. People doubt their own brothers and fathers and also their wives, wives doubting husbands and children and the result is there is no peace in life, for human, whole day went into calculation of profit and loss and what others think about them.

Every time, every minute we all run after our desires to fulfill anyhow. Even in sleeps, our calculation move from one equation to another, we want to reach the point to fulfill our desire. The real theme of Nishkama Karma is living a life in peace, this is true meditation and this is true way of life" concluded the man.

The bus was silent as passengers went in hypnotism with such great words, echoing since thousands of years on this land. The conductor who was shouting all the time in the bus was now weeping slowly, literary crying, pouring out his suppressed emotions, everyone looked to him, "You are right sir, I sent my son to school and then to college with the desire that one day he will earn good money and will take care of me and my wife and when my son grew up he left us alone and went to other city to

live his own life, I had expectations which led to sorrow and grief and that lead to blood pressure and irritation, We also desired that our daughter will marry according to us but she managed her own marriage with her friend of another caste, My wife got heart attack and since then she is under treatment. We worked hard for our whole life but even at this stage we are not satisfied” He paused and said, “Desires and hopes are the reason of sorrow and frustration.”

There was silence in the bus and then the man added, “You are right because our thinking affect our body and crate pressure on both mind and on heart.”

He added, “And now hear, a doctor operating the patient with the desire that he will earn money and also earn fame or even he think that he get blessing to treat the patient, these thoughts not help him to concentrate on his work because most of his consciousness is absorbed by the hope which emerged from his heart and the result and his karma will not able to make remarkable efficiency.”

He breathed, “Similarly, in common day to day life our decisions and actions are affected by the pre thoughts, our desire, our hopes and our expectations therefore we act accordingly because we wanted to act according to the result. We should act without desire, we act just we wanted to act, act according to the dharma, which is our duty, a duty embodied by our position in family, in society, in profession, we only have to act without attaching our self with the result.”

And with these sermons, heavy discussion started in the bus and people started sharing their reasons of hopes and desires and the problem they are facing because of the karma with desire. One of the women stood from her seat, she was fat and her look show that she is very sad with her life. “It is jealousy and expectations that made my situation worse and now I cannot do anything, I am suffering from diabetes, blood pressure and also with sciatica pain. My husband is suffering from heart disease and my both sons left us with their wives and children, there is no one in my house to take care or to call a doctor when we need. We are alone even after such hardship and this is because we acted according to our desire and not worked as fulfilling our responsibility without desiring anything from our children” and the woman started crying.

The man in white looked to the woman and then glare all around the bus, “The real reason of suffering is our anger, jealousy, expectations, desire, frustration, greed, hunger and such things that made our lives miserable and therefore Lord Krishna said act without desire, just do your action and never think about the result.”

He stopped and again said, “If you ma’am, and your husband, had only performed the duty that was to brought up your children and give them good education and discipline without any hope or expectation and plan your old age accordingly then the situation was different, we all have to live alone at last, then the condition would not went worse.”

“Science has proved the teaching of *Shrimada Bhagawat Geeta* that manifestation in our heart brings changes in our body and they displayed a role like diseases, the message of greed, hunger, anger and frustration made our body tense and therefore the pressure affects our body leads to blood pressure and introduce different illnesses.” The bus was halted as another stop.

There was silence in the bus, as no one wanted to break this conversation which concerned their lives.

Three people stood from their seats and bowed in front of the man in white, one of them came forward and touched his feet in respect. “I am not a saint and neither wanted to be, I am true disciple of Lord Krishna” added the man in white.

Laali was highly impressed by the words and also by the atmosphere created in the bus, which turned spiritual and of self evaluation. She thought, “Life is not simply living but living with the right knowledge. It is like we travel and travel whole life but didn’t know where we wanted to go. Knowledge made us aware that where and why we are going and where we will reach” She looked towards the man in white, very simple, aged about 35 years and glow on his face, smiling, without tension and without any expectation, living every minute of his life. “Is true life with true knowledge is possible and can such knowledge leads to true love?” thought Laali.

She wanted to know more about this man in white and wanted to learn more about discipline of karma and about Geeta. She

decided to make this man her guide of her wandering soul and her unsettled life, certainly, she was impressed by him and by his words which made her feel that her emptiness is reducing minute by minute. After a very long time, she felt peace in her mind.

“What is the use of nishkama karma? Laali abruptly asked the man still sitting behind her and smiling, “How this theory works and what actually the principle of theory of action and where it leads to individual and to society?”

The man in white slowly laughed on this question and looked all around the bus, the nearby passengers are eager to know the answer, as that was the common question that everyone has in their mind. It is a common question because people wanted to know the pragmatic approach of religion, its usefulness and its importance in life, “Have you heard about yoga?”

One teenage girl sitting with an old woman near the window stood and said, “In our school we are practicing yoga, we control our body and our breath and do certain *aasanas* (postures) to make ourselves used to it.”

“Yes, everyone these days are talking about yoga, there are babas on televisions showing different sit-ups and how to inhale and exhale the breath nowadays, even politicians are talking about yoga and its importance, they are practicing it to overcome the stress and tension” said another man sitting in front row and abruptly most of the passengers laughed.

The man in white heard all answers, he provided a chance to everyone to speak to make a group discussion and then he wanted to lead the discussion by proving his knowledge on religion. There was not a single man in the bus who had not heard about yoga, and one of them said that it was the exercise performed by seers in ancient India. There was another version that yoga helps us to keep fit and away from disease.

There were several views on yoga and there was fat woman who looked interested to know as she wanted to reduce her fat. “It increases memory” added a student in the bus. Another said that yoga leads near to god and another added yoga is performed to get natural powers.

The man in white looked worried and then stated, “Whatever you all said are simply an exercises or meditation or aerobics. How can exercise be a yoga, Yoga came from the word ‘yog’ which means adding, adding the soul and body together in one knot, bringing symphony in life. It can also help us to keep fit both, mentally and physically, it is good to practice such exercises but this is not Yoga. When Samkhya, who propounded the philosophy of dualism, two separate entities and two separate essence material and consciousness then how it is possible to add two different elements together with different nature. Therefore Yoga is not adding two things which are different in terms like I ask you to add numerical number one and alphabet B or to add fire and water.”

There was curiosity in the bus about this new definition of yoga, they wanted to know what yoga is, on other hand, Laali was impressed that this person denounced the meaning of yoga which is prevailing in the society. She also heard about yoga and also attended a class of yoga in a camp at Ajmer when Gopal asked her to make herself fit with increasing fat in her body. She went to the camp and they asked her to do certain exercise.

‘Keep legs straight and hand on floor for several minutes and practice such posture every day.’ In the camp, one of them asked her to control breath after inhaling and then release slowly from another nose. She concluded that such exercise was yoga but now this man in white brought something different about this concept.

The man in white was silent and was judging the curiosity of listeners, he does not want to rush on such crucial subject and like a polished orator he gave a big pause in his speech.

“The real yoga that Lord Krishna taught is based on the Patanjali Yoga sutra, the great seer of India who invented the science of mind and body. It is a practical philosophy, things which we all perform are asanas (sit-ups and postures) which are one of the part of Ashtangayoga (eight fold yoga) Performing such activities are useful to step ahead towards the real yoga. It prepare our body and soul to have symphony and make them one but this is not a complete yoga,” and he paused again.

“Every religion and every philosophy have a mode of meditation, meditation is concentrating the consciousness at one place, it is not true that only India had the mode of meditation but China, Egypt, Roman and other cultures and civilizations and religions too have meditation theory. In Islam, the prayer is a medium of meditation in which devotee concentrated on the unknown and unseen lord. The concept of mediation is simple, it is to concentrate. And the Yoga is also one of the refined forms of concentration and meditation.”

The interest and anxiety increased in the listeners, the conductor forgets to give ticket to the passengers who step up in the bus from last stop. Some of the passengers in front seats came to back side and sat on the floor. Laali was looking to the man in white continuously without flipping her eyes, for her it was like she forgot taking breath.

“The real meaning of yoga is ‘chit vrati nirodh’ which means cessation of modification in the heart or in the mind. We think many things and these thoughts make us happy and sad and angry and calm and frustrated and greedy. These thinking are like waves which come and go and swirl the silent water of the ocean and bring tides.

Sometimes, there tides are so high that it washes every part of the shore, the more the force of tide, the more destruction at shore. Similarly, the forceful thought or emotion disturbed the silent mind or heart and the forceful thought disturb and bring destruction to the body. These modification changes our state of

mind and therefore the calmness which we have to maintain is lost and so we suffers. The yoga is a technique to control the modification of mind it is a method to make the consciousness steady like a flame of a candle that liters neither right or nor in left but steady, upward, undisturbed and concentrated. The yoga made our mind steady and cessation of any thought in the mind is yoga.”

He added, “yoga is the stage when we cease every type of modification in our heart and remain as calm as the water in the pot, without stirring any wave in the water, so calm that we can see our real self in it. If you stir the water then we cannot found our real image in the water, the image that emerge in that disturbed water is distracted one and show that how much we are disturb. But if the water is calm and still we find the real image in it, and so is our heart and mind, when they are calm and still we find the real image of our self and of this world. But if it is disturbed we calculate wrong about our self and also of this world. The calmness of the mind shows us that the soul is different from the material world, there are two identities existing together which is consciousness and material.”

“We are our own enemy and therefore we regularly fight within our self since we are born and we fight with our self till we will die. Fighting inside with our own thoughts is a continuous process. Fighting, fighting and fighting, without knowing the reality and fighting only on assumptions, assertions, calculations which we feel fit and profitable and fighting and hurting our self regularly.

There is not a single minute when we do not fight with our self and within our self.” The bus was silent and only the engine of the bus shouting, the heat was increasing and passengers were closing windows to escape from the hot winds.

Passengers were thinking what this young man in white and assuming what next he will say about the world, the golden words, and religion taught them that only keeping faith in god and offering prayers to the god regularly is the reality of life. The religion and reality has only one maxim, ‘You please god and god will bless you.’ Everything is control by god and every act is initiated by god, men keep faith in god and do whatever god’s will then how can man be an enemy of self. There are thousands of examples when god blessed people and lakhs of examples when god curses people. There are examples when people get benefits without doing anything, how then self play any role in this religion define by the man in white.

“But Lord Krishna said that He is the one who rotate lives on earth and without him it is not possible for wind to blow or man to breath or sun to shine?” asked one of the old spectator.

The man in white again smiled and said, “Certainly, you are right.” He allowed curiosity to spread in the bus, if god is responsible for every act, everything which can be possible on this earth then our emotions, feelings and actions are acts of god, and when god act then why human is responsible for any good and bad deed. Most of them know that Hindu religion maintain that making god happy is the only way to be blessed and therefore devotees offers

garland, sweets, money, gold, silver in temples and hear holy words of priests which come directly from the mouth of god.

And there are thousands of examples when god pleased by such pampering and blessed devotees. For Indians, life and religion are very simple.

“God is everything, everywhere and control everything. Please god and make life smooth. God says ‘come to my temple, worship me and get blessed.’ Nowadays storyteller stage shows in which thousands of people participates and these orators narrate what actually the religion is and how to get blessed by gods.

In this country there are more numbers of temples then the number of hospitals and schools. Indian religion gradually changed and changed to pragmatism in this age, if certain god is not giving result abandoned him and if one god is blessing, offer prayer to him. The religion means usefulness and usefulness is the only truth.

Rajasthan is the place of hundreds of local deities and every village have temple of local deity and is known by the blessing of that particular deity, villagers in past seek permission from these deities before moving out of village. These deities were praised when any disaster touched their land or any family of the village organizes any ceremony.

Even today, every year there are fair organized on the name of these deities in the village and people gather and offer prayers to

seek blessing from them for their future, for good crops, for good rains and for keeping them safe, to be blessed with a son, for getting a good bride.

Even today thousands of people gather in these fairs and maintain the custom, and with increasing expectations, number of gods and deities are also increasing. Men always remain busy in seeking blessing from gods and there is no temple which remains isolated from devotees. There are dozens of temples where devotee remain in queue since morning to evening just to get the glimpse of the statue. The fundamental law exists on this land is that god is the creator, survivor and curse when angry.

Business class worship gods to get profit in their business, officials praises god to be blessed with success and for good income, students worship gods to get good marks and farmers worship gods to get good crops. Girls worship to get good groom and parents worship to get blessing in family.

Laali was confused with this parallel fundamentals of life, if we our self are responsible for good and bad things then what is the need of god, if people are responsible for bad as well as for good then there should be no god. "We are our own god" thought Laali, but priests, parents, and people and even wise never advocates such thought.

"What do you mean by our own enemy?" asked Laali in astonishment. God is the important factor of civilization and

society of this land, living without god is not possible, there is no life without god, no happiness and no morals.

The man again laugh and said, “sorrow, anger, frustration, expectation, jealousy, love, hate and such other feeling comes from our own world. God does not send these feelings in our hearts. He does not want you to be jealous with your neighbor. He never wants you to keep hopes of reward for helping someone. We all have our own world inside our self. We, in our inside, in our heart and in our mind form different characters of our relatives, our friends, of our enemies and of unknowns and therefore we our self, own and own, assume what they had done or will they do with us, we calculate our self on our own ways.

For example, the man standing on gate of this moving bus with dirty clothes and uncombed hairs, for me is a man who is in hurry, waiting for his stop as he wanted to reach somewhere. For someone else, the man is in depression and is in continuous pressure of life and has no solution of his problem.

For another, the man is feeling heat and therefore standing on the gate to get some fresh air, and again for someone, he is coming after attending a death rite of someone beloved,” he paused, “Such characters we formed in our mind of a single man standing on the gate of running bus, looking to his expressions and attire and anxiety and standing on the gate.

This character gives us fear, pity, horror, hate and other sensations, if he approach one of them, we react according to the

image or character we form in our mind, if he comes and sits near me I feel frustrated for sharing my place because, I made his image as a suspicious man but contrary, a handsome boy with good clothing and good smiling face ask me to share this place, I will agree to share the seat because his outlook forced me to form a different image. Certainly, we do not know who is the man standing on the gate of this bus and where he is going but our world sketch about this man and we react in the way we conclude the thought.

The real world is different from our own world and the inner world is complex, which is our creation, god never asked you to think bad about the man standing on the gate. My son does not serve me or brought gift for me therefore he is obeying his wife and neglecting his parents are such feeling which emerged from our own world and therefore we are responsible for the short coming of this our real world. Having our own calculation according to our inner world is a fallacy of logic and deducting wrong premises to conclude wrongly.”

The inner world formed because we have the power like analyst and calculate every fact with different perspective, the calculation depends on the stage of our knowledge and also on the stage of our standing. We count on these facts several times from every angle and from every perspective and at last accept the best conclusion which suits us according to our wishes and our desires. The inner world is the power of our own thinking; it is like dreaming in sleep.

The real world is different, the real world is governed by the principle of nature, and the god monitors these principles. He is the one who punish and oblige us through these principles of nature. The real world does not have feelings or emotions but only karmas, action, how we do things and what we do. These actions have to be according to the principles of the nature, the law of god, and we get good results and if our action opposes these principles and therefore we are punish. It is like opposing the gravitational force and to jump in the valley then for breaking the law, god punish by breaking our bones or by killing life.” “Then what is right action?” asked a passenger. Philosophy states, that god is an observer and see that laws are followed.

“The right action should match the truth; the truth is abstract and do not change with time and place. The sun is hot means it is hot in Sikar and also in Jaipur and in Delhi. Truth never changes even with time. If killing is against the law of god in past then it has to be in present and will remain against the law in future.

Truth is the abstract and basic fundamental of the principle of nature. The science is studying these principles and also enquiring these laws in depth. These principles are made by god and god is the protector. If you cut trees then there will be imbalance in atmosphere and god punishes humankind by changing climate.”

The man in white paused, “The another law which is made for societies, act according to the nature, jealousy, hatred, enmity, fight, terror and such things are not made by god, they are the

black part of the world and society, as like a shadow of the object. The god enlightens the object which is a natural law but the shadow of the object, backside of the light is the black things and these things generate negative feelings in man and therefore the insight with such negative feelings changed to negative.”

“God award us when we act according to the law of god which is known as dharma, the dharma is the base of society and god see that man act according to the dharma. The dharma is the duty which we have to perform for our family, for our society, for our country and for our humanity.

Hindu religion talks more about duties and rights but present society is not marching with the concept of duty. Performing certain duty does not entitle someone to have the right in reciprocal. But unfortunately, these days, rights become more important than performing our duty. Respect woman, help old people, keep yourself clean, never think wrong about others, never greed, never hate and never jealous are the basic principle of nature and they are dharma, fundamental duties, which does not belongs to you, don't keep wrong eye on it.

The dharma is the base of humanity, society and also of religion. These are the morals which we found in every religion and in every civilization. Go back to history and you will found that civilizations and kingdoms who failed to preserve the law of dharma fell on ground. And those kingdoms who followed the dharma flourished not only economically but also in literature and arts. ”

The bus was buzzing with a sound of engine and passengers were trying to understand these golden words delivered by the man in white but Laali was fascinated by this speech. “What is my dharma and am I following my karma according to my dharma, and I am feeling emptiness that means, I am not following my dharma and god is punishing me, if suppose I am following my dharma but others do not follow their dharma and the consequences of others deeds fell on me then who is responsible” Laali throw the question for the listeners.

There were murmurings in the bus as passengers trying to show how much they understood, “Yes, my master pay me half of my work and is a greedy man but I perform my duty sincerely. My master is becoming rich and I am living a life of animal and unable to take care of my family, why not then god rewards me as I am following the law of nature and punish my master whose actions are against god’s will?” said another passenger.

“You are speaking this because you are calculating according to your inner world, you think that your master is greedy and you work hard. You have a firm belief that you are exploited and your master is becoming rich but in reality if you really work hard then the master should have fear that if this man left him then how will he get another hard worker and if you really work hard then certainly there should be a demand of your work by other competitor of your master. The thing is we should not calculate that our acts are according to dharma because we immingled the real world and our own world.”

The next stop approached and the bus halted in the side of the highway, it was a motel on the highway and driver stopped it so that passenger can have their lunch. The sky was showering heat on the earth and now the hot winds were blowing in speed which is a loo in this region. Passengers start stepping down to have something to eat.

The man in white knows that after sometime his audience will come out of this hypnotism of words and will start living their routine life, without caring what is dharma and what is action. It is like when we see a horror movie, the impression of those visual remains for some time and slowly we start forgetting the meaning of that movie and fear passed away.

Change cannot come from outer world but it has to be from inner world. There is difference between nature and habits, surroundings and upbringings can change habits but not the basic nature. But it was not the case of Laali. She was impressed and the emptiness in her which hurting her since very long was start fading. She understood the meaning of karma which she wanted to know last evening. It is an action without desiring the result. It is like her wish comes true to understand the reality and to fulfill her thrust. She now knows that karma is not important but nishkama karma is important which is above the desire of result.

She does not want to waste this opportunity. The man was not only wise but also a good man. She found that most of the passengers went down and was on the counter of the motel ordering or eating something. Laali was sweating with heat and

only some old people remained in the bus to avoid heat stroke. She came down from the bus and start looking for that man.

He was standing at a tea stall alone and quiet, a small old bag was hanging from his shoulder, wearing cheap slippers, no ring in his fingers, one of the passenger offered him a cup of tea and he paid thanks to him.

In Hindu religion, the concept of messenger of god is not in practiced, like in Christianity and like in Islam, in such religions, when god wanted to make things right, he send his messenger to the person to whom he found the best suitable. The messenger gives the message of god and asked him to do certain things. Even the concept of visions is not popular in Hindu land. Here god himself incarnate and take birth to make things straight and left the world back to his god's kingdom. There is no vision which is valid in Hindu religion and also there is no messenger that brings any message to people here.

Laali was not feel hungry and she start moving towards the tea stall, she looked around and asked a cup of tea from a vendor, even in this hot summer of Rajasthan and travelling so long, she was not tired, the man in white looked at her and he smiled, "You are quiet intelligent, why you spoke the words that karmas are important, I was worried that you can break my speech with your knowledge." He asked.

This time Laali returned smile and asked, "Who are you?" the man in white then laugh, "I am Keshav, left my family when I was

just a boy and now a seeker roaming and wandering here and there in search of truth, roaming from one place to another to know what god has made. I earn my two times bread by telling stories and feed my stomach with the offerings of devotees outside temples. No one in this country can die with hunger because god has sent so many devotees that they offer lot of things at every temple. Temples are full of eatables but god never eat any offerings, so that went to people like us or again return back to shops from where they were purchased” He paused.

“I found that you too are in search of something and wanted to roam like me to fulfill your searching.”

Laali remained quiet for some time and start looking to the ground, the sand shining in sunrays and these fine particles of sand moving from one place to another, a boy at the tea stall brought her a cup and she took a sip.

She looked towards Keshav and said, “You are right, I wanted to know what transcendental love is? The love which is above everything, every feeling, every emotion, every caring and every object, which is uncalculated, unanswered and only which is felt without logic and without reasoning.”

She again said, “I am not educated but experienced the world, don’t take me wrong or judge me wrong, I am not alone or desperate woman in search of love or a partner, I have a person who love me more than his life and also had a person who loved me more than his life. I have no complaint from my partner,

neither is I am a seeker of love in this world and nor I am depressed and deserted by love but still I feel that what we experience, what we feel and what we get is not the love which is the law of god or principle of nature.”

Keshav impressed and his eyes went wide, he had never thought that there can be possible that limitless, colorless, attributeless and unlimited love exist and such topic made a woman concerned, a woman, uneducated and beautiful. He only knows that love is a feeling which comes out with the emotions or desire. A man love a woman, a father his son, a mother her children and a brother his sister, even there is love for community and love for nation.

Love is a feeling or attraction with reason. It can be possible that god loves his devotee in a transcendental way. He made his mind to think and think to found whether there is love without reason in any relation, a woman loving a man because of reason, she knows that this man is young and handsome and will take care of her. Father loves his son because he will take his name to next generation, we love our nation because it gives us pride and honor, and we love our community because we have feeling of unity.

Keshav has never thought this theory before and now a new term transcendental love exists in this world and he is not aware of this thought he went so many places and heard sermons thousand times. The love above all relations and reasons- the transcendental, he too wanted to know how such thing survive in

this world because lord Krishna said that this body decays and soul left for a new clothing of body because soul never dies, no one can hurt soul, neither soul can burn or become wet nor can be cut by any weapon. The soul is transcendental.

It is immortal and everlasting, colorless, shapeless and eternal. Then is it possible that soul can taste the love which is transcendental and remain with that love forever in every rebirth and transmit in new body with same old love which is also eternal. Indian stories are there in which two people meet again in new birth and recognize that they were lovers in previous life and they wanted to live forever together in coming lives.

Even the Indian marriage, the ritual also indicates that there is transcendental love when both bride and groom promise each other to remain together for next seven lives and remain as husband and wife for next seven births. The ritual performed in front of bonfire in which fire becomes a witness of this promise, the fire, and an eternal and essential substance of this world.

“Yes there is true and transcendental love which epics describe and yes religion also supports this theory. But what it is?” thought Keshav.

Keshav appreciated the woman standing in front of him, who was not only beautiful but also wise to discuss a topic such as transcendental love. He wanted to learn something from this woman, he wanted to know more about love, after all Sufism taught people to love god. In such type of concept, the music is

the form to express the feeling of love to the beloved and therefore the qwallis in dargahs announced that how much important the god is for ones' life. He remembered his visit to the Sufi dargah of Khwaja Moinuddin in Ajmer, "Tere aks me hi meri ruh....." (In your shadow my soul lives).

In ancient India, the art of dance emerged to show the love for the god, it was the art to become oneness with the nature and he remembered something, "I think your tour can end at Merta, where Meera Bai was born. She is the best example of transcendental love; she lived her whole life for lord Krishna and died on his name. Meera was born in the royal family of Merta and later she was married to a prince of Chttorgarh but when she was child, her mother told her that her husband will be lord Krishna and since then she start loving lord Krishna and loved Him throughout her life."

Laali had heard about Meera before and also about Merta, now she wanted to know about her and her love for lord Krishna, "Can it be possible to love a man to whom you never met, never saw, never touch and never talked and live your whole life on his name" thought Laali.

She wanted to feel the emotion of such love, wanted to know the status of existence in a stage of such love and she decided to visit Merta which is on her way. She smiled and thanks her destiny for send such man who is now showing her the path of solace. 'Yes, destiny helps and show path to their devotees.'

On other hand, Keshav also thanked his gods for sending a woman who will show him the path of love, a true eternal love, which he had never heard of, his life remained busy in searching two times meal and security for life and place to sleep. He had no genes of bagger and most of his life remained tiring on the question of survival, learning was not his thrust but it came with the food and shelter in temples.

He had not thrust for knowing what god is and what truth is but this knowledge helped him to earn his life, people offer him money and food just because he display his knowledge about religion.

He also know that people do not remember his word about true nature of god but still they feel light after hearing such wonderful words of Hindu philosophy. 'Theories are good to discuss but not better in practical.' For him the woman asking question about karma and challenging his knowledge made him uneasy and overall the word 'love' fascinating. He was impressed with this woman and decided to become a part of her journey to get more knowledge about the lord, about the god and about dharma and overall about the love.

Laali was feeling something different, the driving force which was compelling her to know more about her existence is now getting way to solve. She is not like other members of her community who accept the fate which some people sitting on higher places of the society decide. She know that she too have right to know the

truth, to learn, to acquire knowledge and overall the knowing of true and transcendental love.

Her every worry, every fear and every frustration she had a day before now dissolving and made her light and relax, let feel the spirituality in the path of love, a love towards the lord, a love towards the path of pure consciousness, above the material world and away from the bodily needs.

She remained silent in the bus as the tides which disturbed the shore, a day ago, were now went clam in the full moon night and the image of moon visible clearly in the water. Physically she was tired but mentally she was nourished with spirituality. There was tremendous heat outside the bus which made breathing uneasy, but Laali was feeling nothing. Just nothing as she concentrated only to acquire her goal. Moving slowly and slowly to fulfill her dreams.

The bus reached Merta at five in the evening and still there was high temperature, the summer was trying to burn everything. There was sand and only sand on both sides of the road towards Merta, few herbs and trees visible in barren land and providing little shade on dunes. Laali too was sweating in the bus and wanted a bath to cool herself. Summers in Rajasthan are so terrible that it is hard to face the hot winds which are called loo and they have an effect to boil the flesh and skin together.

Laali stepped down from the bus as soon the bus stopped and the bus stand was crowded. People were rushing to enter in

different buses, going here and there like searching some, soul, peace anything.

She saw that Keshav also stepped behind her and was smiling like as usual, he came to her and said, "Will you mind if I accompany you in this mission? I too wanted to know the path you are walking to know the nature of god which is love, because lord loves his people always and this is the main attribute of god."

He waited for an answer which will decide his life and his fate. Laali hesitated but was happy inside, in her inner own world, she wanted to be with this man who showed the way towards her goal. She smiled and internally thought and re-thought and said, "Ok, but you have to brief me and guide me to know the truth of life. You have to enlighten me always."

Keshav smiled and said, "Yes, now this will be my dharma and my action will according to it."

Laali wanted to eat something as she was feeling hungry. She stood on a tea stall and asked for some snacks and something for Keshav but Keshav denied and said that he only like to have a glass of buttermilk. Rajasthan is famous for spicy food, especially the use of chilly in every cooked food with more oil and good amount of chilly and well fried.

There is no curry in any part of Rajasthan in which chilly does not show its color. The use of oil is comparatively less but chilly floats in the upper layer. There is no other state in India where such spicy food is the daily routine of people. But now pizzas and

burgers are also coming to such small towns of this state and new generations are changing their eating habits.

Merta is the city of Meera Bai, situated in the district of Nagaur and famous for the love of Meera towards Lord Krishna. The story of an unseen love, a feeling of a love which was not exists in reality. There are stories when Rana, husband of Meera, went angry with the attitude of Meera because of social stigma, Meera was offered poisoned on the name of Lord Krishna and she gulped the whole of the bowl and survived because her love towards Lord Krishna changed that poison to real parsada (sweet).

Lately, the story of Meera started as a metaphor of Bhakti, which was originally not a part of devotion method of ancient India, a Bhakti, having similarity to Sufism of Islam where music and songs are the main mode to transmit the emotions and feeling for the god.

Bhakti in true sense is surrendering self to the god, the love in which, the devotee sing songs proving the beauty, eternity, existence, habits and everything about the almighty. Like a man pamper his lover by making her happy, saying best things about her and comparing her best in the whole world.

The local songs came up making Meera as symbol of Bhakti for lord Krishna. Bhakti is a total surrendering to god as like obsessed of something, forgetting our own existence, feeling the presence of the lord everywhere and dedicating life to him. A new

way of meditation, in which meditating people forget about his own existence and concentrate his whole consciousness on the god.

Even in orthodox yoga, the god was required as an image to concentrate the consciousness and god becomes the medium of meditation, the god in this concept of yoga, is both shapeless and also accruing shape and with different attributes. The Bhakti is important at present time because it is also like mass prayer in which hundreds of devotees experience collective feeling of devotion towards god.

This movement of Bhakti is so powerful that old philosophical treatises and thoughts are converted and interpreted into the method of Bhakti, The Geeta which was based on Samkhya philosophy was interpreted as a school of Bhakti. Some of the saints wrote such translation in which, Lord Krishna said to Arjuna, 'Only Bhakti is the path which liberate this soul from taking rebirth and therefore Arjuna keep devotion in me.'

Originally the theme of Geeta was action based and the message was only action without desire of fruits is the path of salvation.

Laali checked-in a dhamsala at Merta, which was near to the temple, whereas Keshav remain outside and slept on a footpath where shopkeeper closed their shops and made some space to sit or sleep. Dharmashalas are places built everywhere at religious places to made cheap availability of stay for devotees.

They are constructed by the communities or by the donations of devotees so to provide facilities to people and devotees can stay and visit such places with minimum fares to encourage tours to religious places by large number. Religion is one of the most important and largest economical tax free sector where devotee can invest any amount of money.

After getting inside the room, Laali straight away went to bathroom for a bath and found her comfortable with water running over her body, the sun was setting in west but still the hot waves were making affects. Nagaur is centrally located place in Rajasthan state with majority of jats and dalits and the region is arid because of the topographically, it is on the upper side like a plateau and there is no natural source of water here.

The government is trying to bring water by uplifting canal water from north side and people of this region are waiting for this project since last twenty years. That is the main reason the urban development has not touched this place and therefore the culture values and customs are still saved and prevailing in this land and people are maintaining their traditional profession like artisan and handicraft.

Laali had a dinner at a dhaba in Merta near bus stand with Keshav, who was looking fresh and energetic, she wanted to know about Keshav and after the dinner they start walking on the road, "I wanted to know about you" said Laali plainly, She added, "I cannot judge you by your knowledge and dressing, even your

language is polished, sometimes it look that you do not belonged to this place and sometimes you look like one of us.”

Keshav went serious and replied, “There is nothing to know about me.”

Laali remained silent and Keshav felt that the beautiful woman walking at his side felt low by these words. It was the first time for him when a woman walking besides him and wanted to know about him, about his inner world, and even at that time when the world is preparing to sleep. And this is the time when he can channelize his feeling to a woman who is attracting him and there can be a chance that he could fall in love with her.

“I was born in village of Bikaner where my mother died when I was two years old. I had two elder brothers and my father bought a young woman in nata. She was greedy and already had three children. My father was so fond of her that he obeyed whatever she said, she start harassing us, one day she lured my eldest brother and seduced him and the play started every day, when my father went out in the field to work, she kick us out and remain inside with my brother. I along with my other brother roamed the streets of the village and eat whatever the villagers offered us. I had no school, no friend and no love of father and mother.”

“One day my father found my eldest brother and that woman in uncompromised way, the woman alleged my brother and accused him for sinful deeds and my father burnt with anger and beat him

like animal. Next day my both elder brothers left the house and I left alone in that terror-full house.”

“Later she started harassing me and my father never cared for me, I too wanted to flight from my house but had no courage and no way and no destination. I thought, I am born for this and one day, I sat near the temple and a saint came there and saw me sitting painfully, and he asked me about my sorrow. He told me ‘whenever you are in pain just remember god and he will come to rescue you.’ And that helped me, as someone was there looking towards me, hearing me, feeling my pain and I remember the god and offered prayers but later I found that no one came.”

“My life was turning from tough to miserable and the woman at home was started abusing and beating me. But still, I had faith in god and one day god directed me to left the home. He put courage in me, a voice from inside came, ‘you will get your aim of life, go ahead,’ I left the home and wandered here and there and found that the only place where I can get food was the temple and the only place where I can sleep peacefully were temples.”

“ I heard about lot of temples by devotes coming and going and I went to Khatu shyamji temple, the biggest pilgrim place in Rajasthan where people from Haryana, Punjab, Uttar Pradesh and from other parts of the country come to offer prayers. I remained there and got good food to eat and place to sleep.”

“I started accompanying wise people, babas and saints coming to that temple. The feeling started in me that now I am in the

shadow of god, who was taking care of me, feeding me and caring me. People start giving me food and offering just because I was singing songs of god.”

“ I heard about Geeta, the magic book of Hindus, the charm of that book was that thousands of devotees coming and going to different temples purchase this book and honor it by touching that book to their foreheads and then, I started learning reading and writing, I too wanted to read this magic book, the Geeta. And I succeeded in my mission of learning and the day came when I myself read the Geeta, I read it many times and cramped it to my heart and also tried to understand the meaning. But it was too hard to understand the meaning of those words told by lord Krishna.”

“I changed places and remained at one place till I like and getting good food, I went to Varandavan in Uttar Pradesh state, and even Dwarka situated on the sea shore of Arabian Sea in Gujarat. I wanted to know what Geeta wanted to say, and there at Dwarka, one day when I was sleeping on the footpath of the street, I heard the voice; it was the voice of lord Krishna. It was like the voice was coming from inside my heart even though I was not speaking any word. The voice asked me to seize every feeling of pain, humiliation and sorrow.”

“The voice said that, ‘The greater pain comes when we live in our past and worry about our future. The most important pain comes from the burden of our past. The time remains moving but we stopped back on a point with our past and therefore the

coordination disturbed. God is not responsible for sorrows but you are responsible for creating sorrows.’ The voice inside me asked to leave every deposition of past and every worry of future. He asked me to concentrate on the coolness and His words were in the Geeta.”

“The day changed me and made me another man, a man that has no worries and no pain and no fear, I start feeling comfortable in high heat and felt soothing in cold and also there were times when I remained hungry for days and also there were time when I had stomach full food. Life changed and so I was and I started roaming to understand the natural law of god.”

“What I found during this wandering that my life changed when I left the fear of my past and left the worries of coming days. The god is everywhere and therefore he takes care of us. But we think that we are the doers and we are responsible for humiliating ourselves with remembering the past deeds and past actions and therefore predisposition is harmful for man.”

Laali during the night, in her room of dharmashala remained uneasy and remembering every word of Keshav, whole night, she thought about the words and philosophy of Keshav, living a life with knowledge and with wisdom is different from living a life as ignorant and remain in worldly pleasure. She felt good after a long time, especially since she left her son and ran from the house of Kishan, the words of Keshav give her new way of living.

She thought the burden of past which went heavy and heavy every time, “Life till now was nothing but just a materialistic pleasure, there is difference between pleasure and happiness” thought Laali.

God never do wrong but we see Him with our perspectives and wanted him to work according to our limitation. But in reality there is no limit for god and therefore He foresee things which we can never imagine. The limitlessness of human beings is the main reason of sufferings and therefore, we suffer because of our action and blame the god for the result, just because we don't get the result as we calculated before performing the action.

Therefore the words, Nishkama karma- action without desire -is the root cause of happiness. Man is responsible for suffering and blame god for nothing.

On other side, Keshav unable to sleep that night, he was fascinated by the beauty of Laali, “Life has given him such a great chance to be with a beautiful woman which he can never dream” thought Keshav.

He heard and read and imagined the concept of love but first time he is feeling and experiencing the taste of eternity. “Yes love is eternal because it flow from one's heart to another and never stopped flowing. Love bound people in unity and therefore society is working since thousands of years.”

Keshav follows the path of Geeta which is based on the Samkhya philosophy of India, the oldest philosophical school

based on duality. The world is formed of two substances- the Pursha, a complete consciousness and prakarti- the complete material. When these two substances come near to each other, the evolution starts. The Pursha is bhogta and prakarti attract pursha with different nature and color and modification. The world remains moving just because this dual mechanism works always.

His consciousness is also experiencing the same thing and two different people, man and woman are coming near to each other but Keshav do not know about Laali, who she is and where she has come from and where she want to go and tomorrow when she left the Merta, what will happen to him, maybe she is having a husband and children at her house who are waiting for her.

And suppose he tells his feeling about his intimacy, about his dream for her then what she will do and how she will react. Keshav had tremendous questions whose answers he had not found in any teaching of Geeta or in any sermon preached by wise man. Keshav decided to test his wisdom and destiny with this new episode of his life and left his heart wondering everywhere, he dreamed talking and laughing with the woman to whom he found most beautiful in the world, a woman with big eyes and smiling lips and esteemed nose with attractive color like pure sand of desert and he felt his pulses pushing the blood fast. The future is full of lot of mysteries which he never read in any book.

5. Alteration of soul

Almost in every village of Rajasthan, where tradition and culture is the root of society and even at present in the age of technology, people maintain their customs and rituals with great care, without using reasoning and science. One of the most important custom of this colorful and courageous land is “*Bhav*” a transporting of soul of a dead in a living body, suppressing the original soul in the body for some time and talk to people and also suggest something good and also warn them for consequences.

The Bhav comes when mostly the dead souls wanted to communicated to their people about their deeds. Generally these souls are angry while sitting somewhere, either in hell or in paradise or just roaming all around the world, that no one knows and nor these souls uttered anything about their dwelling places. They incarnate in a living body and then give advises to the community or to the family.

Interestingly these souls only transmit in woman and woman start rotating their head from left to right, which is common in every women who have this bhav, their voice also change from female to male and they show their anger that they have to come in this world just because of these fools who are doing wrong things. When bhav came to a woman, people start gathering and offers things to her. She, the soul transmitted, asked for certain man of the village and he summoned immediately and the soul shout on

that man to improve his deeds, whatever the wrong he had done or is doing.

After the scolding, people gather on the spot and start asking questions about their future and about the family member, the soul transmitted in the body of woman knows everyone in the village and call them by their names and also what wrong they had done. The soul also states its identity that it is a soul of certain person died on certain date.

People are curious to know about their future and then soul answers some of them and then leaves the body. The transformation process made the subject tired, the woman in which it came and therefore the woman fainted for some hours. When she arose from the deep sleep she remembers nothing and feels fainted and weak. The woman who becomes subject for the dead people's soul is honored in the society and people respect her in village as the 'mata' mother came in her body.

People who witnessed such transmission states that the features of the woman changed drastically and her eyes went big and she shout in the men's voice. The soul knew each and everything which people asked even secrets which people wanted to bury in their hearts. There is no research yet made on this phenomena of transmission of souls of dead people but experts said that it is a psychological disease or personality split in which woman can lost its individuality and sub conscious play important part and scold the person to whom on she is angry or wanted to take

revenge. The sub consciousness repeats all those deeds which she was thinking continuously and cannot speak in normal life.

The Ojhas and tantriks or magicians are responsible to deal with such situations. This transformation of soul from one body to another is so common phenomena that it is called "Mata ana" coming of goddess in a woman.

Laali also witnessed such incidents and she believes in it and now in Merta she was feeling the same sense of Bhav and becoming subject of the soul which roamed here thousands of years ago and wanted to tell her and make her feel her the untold which she had realized in this town of Rajputs.

The next day was hot and sun was burning everything, life for people here is tough and they try to complete work before the noon, mostly cattle farmers start their day early to settle down at home at the time of noon. Laali wanted to rest, she was feeling exhausted, she remembered that Gopal last year promised her to install an air conditioner at her place this summer, he know that Laali cannot bear heat and remain upset when temperature went high.

She stood from the bed and went for a bath; she remembered the words of Keshav and philosophy he told about Geeta. "There is a concept of true love and it is possible that love prevails transcendently and if so then Lord Krishna said something about it." She was ready to know more about truth, more about life, more about meditation and about love.

She found Keshav outside the dharmashala, fresh as he always look but today he had combed his hair properly and was happy rather than smiling. "I want to see the temple of Meera" announced Laali and sat near Keshav, putting her (Ghagra) skirt up to her knees and ordered a cup of tea. Her heart was feeling good when she saw Keshav and the tiredness she felt this morning was gone.

They both had a cup of tea and then Keshav asked, "What your plan is and what you especially wanted to know?"

Laali remain silent and then smiled, "Just wanted to know how a princess fell in love with god and wanted to experience the place where she lived and wanted to feel the existence of god as her husband." She added.

"You know how it is possible that anyone can love someone who physically not present and can feel the existence forever as a part of soul."

According to the story, Meera was a princess born in the house of the king of Merta, a Rajput and was beautiful and clever in 16 century in the northwest region of Rajasthan. Once she saw the procession of barat when a groom was marching on horse towards the house of his bride for marriage.

She was curious and asked her mother again and again, "Where this man is going?"

“He is going to the house of his bride to marry her and then she will call that man as husband” replied mother.

Meera was curious and unable to understand the meaning of husband and wife and marriage, she again asked, “what is husband means mother, do I have a husband when I grow up,” And she repeatedly asked this question.

“Certainly, you will have a handsome husband in your life,” again replied the mother.

Meera was excited and then asked, “Who is my husband mother?”

“He will come one day to take you away with him and that day you will know him” again replied mother.

But Meera wanted to know about her husband and she frequently asked about it and then mother found that the girl forcing to know the answer anyhow and she said, “Lord Krishna is your husband” to end the topic.

Meera was happy to know about her husband and she went to the temple of Lord Krishna and wished him and asked him to come to her house to marry her.

The concept of such relation was so much deep rooted in the heart of Meera that she start feeling the love of Krishna to whom she took as her husband. The story also states that when Meera grown up she refused to marry the Rana, prince of Chittorgarh and when parents and society forced her she married the Rana

but still she practiced Krishna as her husband. Family and relatives of Rana faced humiliation as pride was important to this knight clan and one day Meera was given poison on the name of parsad (blessing) of Lord Krishna.

Meera was happy and drank the whole venom and love reciprocated that save this princess. It is told that Lord Krishna came forward to save her life. The great story of love with god and still known all around India and then turned to the concept of bhakti of God.

Meera is known for the bhakti for God and still recognized as an ideal for the true love towards god. Her house which was fort is now turned to a temple where there is also temple of lord Krishna in front of it.

The important of this story is not only the love or devotion towards the god but the concept of surrendering the life to god, devotion to god can be traced back to the influence of Sufism in India in which the devotee surrender himself to the almighty.

This Sufi movement was so much acceptable to this land that even Hindus offer prayers in dargahs. The reason of Sufi thought accepted in India because the real religion practiced thousands of years remained in closed society of upper class and common man was not allowed to study and practice this religion. The Sufi method of devotion was simple that attracted common man which is simply praise the god. There was no mass religion system in this land and lower caste was not permitted to practice religion.

In Christianity or in Islam, where there is a culture of mass prayers and mass meditation, the Hindu religion had different concepts. Originally, Hindu religion was based on the natural phenomena and there was no theory of devotion or dedication towards the god, all Indian philosophies indicate that natural power means, who run the system of nature and they are bound to the rules, god is observer and there power has symbolic names. The reflection of this theory was such that all six orthodox philosophies of India have rare role of god in their metaphysics.

Meera also known for art and poetry and there are still many poetries and songs which are sung and said to be written by the Meera. "I have only lord Krishna and have no one else."

Sociologically, Meera is important because she is known as a crusader for women in the era where woman was not allowed to show even their faces to man other than husband and Meera strike the custom and system of that time when women in upper castes were forced to follow the norms of the society.

It is also interpreted that Meera initiated the 'right to worship' system for women and therefore she broke the prevailing superstitions of the society.

Keshav described about Meera to Laali and she fascinated by the story, "Can it possible that true love exist and it is a real transcendental love," asked Laali, who is now feeling no heat and also no irritation even though noon approaching.

She was feeling the emotions of Meera who love someone whose presence was impossible. The love don't need medium nor it need any mode to transmit and transform into a true happiness. It is of course a happiness which made every atom and cell of the body relaxed and cool.

She wanted to see the temple of Meera and she wanted to live all those memories of that great saint who loved unknown without reason and without logic which is above world and she took the hand of Keshav and asked him to move.

Keshav was stunt with the questions of Laali about love and overall with the touch of her hand. It was first time when a woman held his hand and the touch of woman made him excited. "I cannot explain you about the love with non-existence but can tell you the feeling of love with existence things" thought Keshav and start moving towards the market.

Laali wanted to experience the love with non-existent and wanted to feel every emotion of that particular love, Keshav on this side was experiencing the touch of physical love and at this very moment, he thought that why social and family life is more important than a life of a saint. The softness of the hand of Laali and the heat which was transforming from her hand to his palm was like the energy which made this world enlighten.

Laali was enthusiastic and wanted to witness every corner and every wall of the house where Meera lived, feeling the true love.

She never thought that the answer of her quarries comes like this and so early that she can enjoy the sensation.

“True love removed emptiness and filled the heart with the glory of happiness and delights every atom of body, it is life soul teaching the body about love rather than body making the soul experiences the love.”

She saw people going towards the temple and there was a good rush on the main gate. It was like, Laali was experiencing something of her own past life, it was like Laali was Meera and she felt that she knew and remembered every street and every brick of the outer wall. Or it was like ‘bhav’ in which the soul of Meera transformed in the body of Laali and that soul wanted to re-experience her life once again.

The feeling brought sensation in her heart and she felt that her individuality has changed and there is no pain, no sorrow and not a single problem for her. Every grief flushed out from her heart and new sensation of becoming Meera has been replaced. She wanted to relive every moment of this time and every thought and emotion which Meera had experienced and faced.

She ran inside the fort, leaving Keshav behind, she saw the statute of Meera in the veranda in a glass showcase and found that she resembles her, the statute was laughing as wanted to say that ‘you came back again to the place where you lived and experienced true love. The soul inside you is mine and now this soul is looking for the places once more to remember the

feelings, the touch of true love,' every thought which was germinated in these four walls are witnessing the pure soul where the true love nourished.

Even the walls with still impact flushed happiness after seeing Laali back on this place as they are communicating with her, the non-living turned to living existence asking the soul once again to teach them the concept of pure and bliss love, the love that made these walls of stone important for hundreds of years.

Laali started feeling trance, the experience which is different from intoxication or dreaming or meditating, the experience is like flowing in a wave without touching the surface or without getting involved in it. She felt that she was hearing the music of Veena, a music instrument, the music which made the soul relaxed, the music which was coming not from any instrument but from her own heart, which Meera said to play in this house, an local instrument and the Lyric, "Payoji maine shyamdhan payo (I got the wealth of the name of Shyam (Krishna)).

The melody was so sweet that Laali felt that her heart filled with true love and someone is attracting her, forcing her to move to the first floor where there was a room of Meera. For her, there is no day, no night, no darkness, no light, no cold, no hot, no ground, no sky, there is nothingness which is not vacuum but filled with something that cannot be described. The logic of comparison, explanation, deduction, addition and assertion all lost in this light which is not bright neither dull.

Keshav came running after Laali inside the temple and found her enjoying the place and dancing without music in front of the Meera idol, he didn't understood what was happening, Laali was dancing in the veranda without music, a dance with perfect steps, a dance which she performed on the sand dunes of Pushkar on the tune of Kalbaliyas. Keshav already lost the wisdom of Geeta after seeing the beautiful woman Laali and now thinking mostly about the woman who had touch his hand recently and made him feel like a real man.

He was dreaming of Laali and wanted to know about her. It was like this woman changed his life and made him realize that life is not only philosophy but life is to live, a real life with woman and children and enjoying the social status. Keshav started planning to settle down, with this woman, and have own house and children and grandchildren. He sat on the outer step of the gate and started dreaming, about love and experiencing the joy of love which was different from the love which was Laali experiencing at this time.

Laali went on the first floor and she imagined that she could walk in this premises with her close eyes, as she knows every part of the house and every corner of the place and know the smell and know the structure, it was like she lived on this place for long years and for hundreds of years.

Meera a symbol of true love, a love that is above logic and reason and a love which need no physical touch, a love that penetrates directly into heart and fills the heart with the fragrance of zenith,

an attribute of completeness and essence of life which made every plant grow and every living being breathes.

She sat on the floor and saw the window which had colorful mirrors and sun rays coming from it reflecting multi colors, “The place where true love exists” thought Laali. Her eyes were wide, cheeks red lips open, her face brighten like some glow coming out from the body. She sat on the floor, directly opposite of the window, the feeling growing in heart, timeless, space-less and existence-less. No more feeling of self-existence.

The visit gave her solace and she started feeling complete, all worries and all tension melted on this place. “What you have brought with you and what you will take away, we are born empty handed and brought nothing with us, the body decomposes and dies but soul exists forever, no weapon can hurt this soul and no fire can burn it and no water can wet it, it is the soul which exists in starting and remains at end, it only changes bodies as we change our clothes.”

Laali thought that the soul which is eternal, pure and bliss can only know the meaning of love and body which die can only found pleasure of world, the body can enjoy and feel but soul is the state of happiness and only sense truth. She thought that her search completed and she found the real treasurer of life which is truth and truth is always transcendent.

We generally transfer the love from body to soul, the touch, the nearness of lover made sensation in our body and these

sensations passed to soul to form emotions but in true love, the feeling pass from soul to body, showing body that true love is not nearness or touch but nothingness. Dissolving everything in this nothingness, this nothingness is not a vacuum of zilch but neither negative nor positive and only abstract.

She remained in the temple for hours sitting on different places, hearing unsung songs which were sometime sung hundreds of years at this place, feeling Meera singing and playing music dedicating her emotions to the unseen, to the spirit of oneness, flowing in her heart through these songs, feeling the love of her beloved. And there were men going and coming from different doors commenting, “See Meera, she is mad in the love of Krishna” and they laugh on her and woman shy while seeing her in such condition and whisper, ‘Meera you are different, you made it but we feared to speak about love even in this age, we are bound by stigmas and we are afraid of society.’

And Laali also feel that old women passing her from her side and keeping their hands on her head and blessing her and there were young girls coming and touching her feet and seeking her blessing. And her consciousness is totally consumed by the beautiful man, playing flute and smiling and looking to her, ‘Yes, he is Krishna, my love, my life and my part of the soul, the absolute soul, a universal soul, soul of everyone dissolve in it like rivers dissolved in the great ocean.’

The sun was heating every part of the land and heat waves affecting the inner part of the temple and tourists and devotees

started leaving for the better place, to get cool, after all there is more than love for this world, love cannot feel their stomach nor can love pay the school fee of their children.

Things have to move, people have to work, and to relax. Outside the temple, people were searching water to make their throat wet and even Keshav put the wet cloth on his head to escape from the heat stroke but Laali was neither feeling heat nor thirst, she was enjoying as her soul came out of her body and roaming everywhere and feeling that she came back to the place after hundreds of years where she belonged, "There is no heat no cold, no hunger no thirst, no fear no confidence, nothing and simply nothing for the soul who is a knower and pure consciousness and above everything."

It was evening when Laali realized that she was sitting on a floor, she did not know how long she sat on this place and she even did not know what she was doing there sitting on a floor where the heat waves were coming. She wanted to know the time and she wanted to know where Keshav was, she felt that Keshav left her somewhere.

She stood and found that she was feeling hungry and thirsty and wanted to need some shade as she was sweating badly. She came out from the main door and found the temple of Lord Krishna. She realized that the statue of Lord Krishna was smiling as he wanted to say something. She looked everywhere to locate Keshav but found nowhere, her journey for finding the truth was over and she was feeling tired, tired, and hungry and weary, she

wanted to rest, wanted to sleep and then she found Keshav saw her coming out of the temple and was running from a tea stall situated on the corner of the road.

A smile came on her face and she felt good that her companion was still waiting for her. Keshav stood near her and smiled in the hot sunny day, "How are you, wanted to eat something?" and he look towards her face, he found that Laali was looking more beautiful and more mature and more attractive as the glow of her face increased and spreading everywhere.

Laali took a step and asked him to come in the shade, "What happened to me and what I was doing inside, I think I slept for hours on the floor of the temple as I was tired of the travelling" said Laali and took a pause, "Why you had not came to wake me, I am such a silly that I slept on the floor inside the temple, what devotees were thinking of me," and she saw a stall of food and she again took the hand of Keshav and asked him to eat something.

Keshav felt the same sensation again when Laali hold her hand before and found that the flow of emotion went deep into his heart and strike some part. He had never felt such sensation even when he got wisdom while sitting on the stairs of the temple of Dwarka and never even that time when he got the opportunity to eat full stomach.

He was hungry when Laali was inside and planned to eat something but changed his mind and like to wait for Laali but now

it was like every hunger was subsided and nothing left in his life which he wanted to wish.

Laali saw him standing and she pushed him and asked him to eat something, "How silly I am that I slept on the floor of a temple" repeated Laali and astonished by her own act and then she laughed.

She looked all around and found that the summer made life miserable of this place. There was no humidity but just burning, sun rays and dry air cut the skin like a knife cutting the butter. Winds are spreading sand everywhere and people use clothes to save their eyes and faces to avoid the hit of such storm.

For Laali her heart was like water of a lake, calm and steady and she was giving no thought and tension to herself, she thought that a good deep sleep helped her to calm her down from the fatigue of some days travelling in hot summer, she wanted to eat and therefore ordered a local snack and also a cup of tea.

At this moment Laali was no more eager to know about the love and even not feeling desperate to know what her life wanted to do with her, for her it was the calm and cool feeling that all worries went away. She was feeling some throbbing in her head but she thought that it was only because of the hot air and heat of the day.

On other hand, the heart of Keshav was like water of a river, flowing in speed and breaking every corner of the shore and trying to come on the main ground to destroy everything which

comes into site. The touch of Laali disturbed him and he found that whatever he realized about the wisdom and knowledge were all limited and leading him to wrong path. The eternal sense of wisdom evaporated by the sun as it dried all the water of wetland.

For him, now truth is somewhat like life is a-prior to everything and the sense of existentialism is the right path for all human being where living is most important than anything else, even knowledge is secondary than emotions. He has never seen such a beautiful woman in his life. He got lot of chances to remain with women, every type of women, of lower caste of upper class who wanted to know more about god for salvation. He had to give a narration on lord Krishna and on Geeta in front of a group of women at many places and recited the songs devoting to Krishna and there were also beautiful women sitting and enjoying the oration but he never had such feeling which he is having now.

The concept of Nishkama karma went costless to Keshav and he thought that without desire how one can think of action. "Even every duty and every right has a pre-deposit result, you brought-up your children in right way because you wanted them to be a good citizen and well settled in society, without thinking of the result the action is not possible." Without desire, you cannot run society and you simply cohabit with a woman just without any desire.

Laali start feeling heaviness and she decided to have a sleep, "I am going to dharmshala to take a nap, what you will do" she asked to Keshav.

Keshav had no engagements and he only wanted to remain with Laali, to see her, to feel her, to hear her voice and to smell her fragrance, for him the woman to whom he met a day before is now befall essential part of his life, like a breath to a body. “I don’t have anything to do, you go and take rest, I will do some meditation” said Keshav.

Forcefully he stood up and knew in heart that he now can not able to mediate long except desiring the love and beauty of a woman. “Even Lord Krishna also had love and romance in his life and he too had explained the importance of love, it is not a sin and therefore is not prohibited in religion” thought Keshav.

It was night, when Laali wake in her room, she was feeling light and relaxed as every part of her body and soul got rest and she had no heaviness in her heart, “The knowledge which was kept away from common mass for long thousand years is really precious and important” thought Laali,

She thought that life according to knowledge is useful and therefore leads to a right path. “Stop modification in heart and seized every emotion and every feeling which are making the inner world stronger and over heading the outer world, without reality we went fragile day by day and it lead us to the path of suffering. The one who understand this phenomenon of nature is very well knew how to live a good life.”

She came out to search whereabouts of Keshav and found him sitting on the steps of dharamshala. The night was descending

from all directions and so the heat of the day melting with the wind coming from the direction of the desert. It was a silent night and only some barking dogs from unknown direction disturbing the peace of black night, it was like the Nature went to sleep and asked every living being and trees to take a rest for the work to perform on next day to come.

She smiled when she saw Keshav and went near him and set on one of the step. There was silence and nobody knows that a woman who was suffering in the day light for knowing the right path of love is now sitting in the dark night, satisfied after experiencing the transcendental love in sense of Meera.

Keshav surprised to see her and then he smiled. "I was thinking the importance of consciousness of life" said Keshav.

"What is consciousness and how it works" asked Laali.

Keshav looked to her, the most beautiful woman sitting near her and then he turned towards the sky that was shining with the twinkle of the stars. The importance of the desert is that sky look clear and stars shine with all force. He wanted to see the gods sitting in the heaven and rewarding him for his prayers and for his suffering he took to understand the real religion.

"Consciousness in pure form is awareness, it is a power, and it is a meta-substance which is not studied by sciences, consciousness is accepted by almost every philosophy and school of India but they describe it in different form. One thing is

clear that it has the attribute of awareness, the real awareness without it, nothing can be viewed, even about our own existence.”

Keshav paused and said, “The Geeta believed the theory of Yoga which states that consciousness has the power of modification when it is near the material, the closeness made a subtle body and it alter into different forms, the most important are anger, fear, hopes, expectation, jealousy, love, hatred and hundreds of hundreds forms.”

“This modification happened to consciousness because it is in the touch of material world through senses and that have different organs and also a manas or budhi or mind which provides different inputs from senses like touch, smell and taste and brought these simple sensations to mind and mind compute it and modify them into complex ideas.”

“The consciousness in reality has no relation with the material world but still it attached with them. It is like seeing something with the blur glass. The disturb vision which received by consciousness give birth to attachment to the worldly things and then consciousness which is pure and eternal start feeling attached with these worldly things, as like of, ‘this is my property or these are my children’ and thus the modification started”

Laali gave a thought on this principle and said, “But consciousness is real pure form and has no materialistic attribute then how it attached to the worldly things.”

“Yes, you are right, the consciousness never attached with the material but it only seems that they are modified in worldly things through a ‘suksham sharir’ (subtle body) which Samkhya coined as the reason of re-birth. This shuksham sharir is responsible to transform from one body to another, taking the consciousness to re-births.”

“The Geeta and Yoga stated that seizing such modification in the heart is the real meditation which helps to liberate the soul, which is pure consciousness away and aloof from the body and from the material world which is liberation.”

Laali concluded, “You mean to say that living in this world like a seer and never attract to anything is the true liberation?”

Keshav hesitated and said, “Yes it is said in the Geeta that you should not attached with the things, the only truth is consciousness, the pure bliss, which is Lord Krishna himself and nothing else, seizing every type of modification is the salvation.”

“And if we seize everything then how this life will move, seizing all emotions and thinking and desires means no society.”

Keshav added, “Lord said that to live, you have to perform your duty which is dharma without desiring any result. No one can live a single minute without performing any action, action has to be performed in this life. Lord emphasizes on performance of the duty, that way without involving into a material you will remain untouched with the world and feel liberated.”

He added, “Samkhya stated two kind of liberation, the ultimate moksha is the death but realizing the reality of consciousness which is different from material (Prakarti) that these two substance are contrary and different from each other and consciousness has no attribute of material, then the life went as the wheel remain moving after the force is lifted away from it. The movement remains because of the inertia.”

He further said, “Liberation is only by knowledge, realizing that consciousness, the Purna, is different and not a part of evolution. The evolution starts just when the consciousness and material comes near to each other, not in touch not even in any contact but only nearness, and disturb the three gunas, essence of material world.

These three gunas are satva (white), rajas (red) and black (tejasva) and therefore Lord Krishna stated that the actions are essential because these gunas lead the nature of human.”

Laali was confused and tried to understand the importance of liberation and its method, but she got that understanding in superior to the material world and therefore this knowledge was kept away from common masses since thousands of years.

She shirk the thought and said, “Let’s have a food, I am hungry” and both start walking towards the bus stand where there were some hotels which were opened.

She ordered spicy food for herself and Keshav ordered a glass of milk. She enjoyed the food and talked about Meera and love and

feeling of Meera, she don't remembered what she had experienced in the temple of Meera this morning but the hunger of knowing and understanding the love was decreasing.

She left with no fear and no hope like she has experienced the taste of true love which Meera had created on that place for Lord Krishna. She thought that food is important for life as the knowledge is important for soul and therefore living is important to complete the circle of life.

After the dinner in late night, they start walking on deserted road for long and Keshav asked her about her life, Laali smiled and said, "There is nothing to say about myself, I had a child marriage and it was over with harassment, I tried to seek love, which I do not know what it is but found that every time I dip into the water the more uneasiness comes and grasp my heart."

She stopped and found that Keshav was hearing every word interestingly, she continued, "In starting I thought that lust is true love and experienced the caring and obedience of my partner but later I found that love is not limited to lust and caring, love, you cannot bound love into simple terms of caring and having babies, love is really something different."

She paused, "Just think, there are thousands and thousands of women in this world, having lust and cohabitation with partners knowing that their hearts are not fulfilled and beside the physical requirements they need something more."

“Every morning they feel that something is lacking for which their hearts are making them uneasy and there is emptiness in their hearts but they don’t have courage to accept this reality.”

“They have their own logic, about husband, about children, about relatives and about society. They turn to salves and bound in the relations which are making them torn from inside day by day, Women think that best duty for them is to serve their families but the emptiness remain in their hearts, always tickling and making noise, asking them to find the real love and in their life the dualism distribute them into two parts and such feelings and thoughts upset their life and it result in irritation, frustration and sometimes it look like that their life carrying the burden of something which becomes heavy day by day.”

She then added, “I then realized that love is romance, the thrill, the adventure and life to feel flow of blood, freezing mind for some extend and cheering and shouting and feeling someone at that time that take me in his hands and hug tightly.”

“That time I felt this as a love but later again realized that love is not the wild thought which made sensation in the body and raise the feeling of togetherness, I felt after experiencing the crazy lobe that love can’t be limited to such feeling and realized that love is something speculation and understanding, it is not only bodily attraction but it is a feeling of understanding between the partners, a love which Meera had with Krishna. Unspoken and understandable and I realized that still the love in my heart in unfulfilled.”

She paused for some time and found that the world went into deep sleep and there was no one around walking or talking like them, she realized that at this hour of night, she was walking with an unknown man, who helped her to realize the peaceful love.

“A woman should have the right to have love in her life, she is not property of a man and she too is living being and have consciousness, mostly woman do not have courage to speak about love is just because it is taken as a stigma or crime or a sin and therefore, they lived their whole life without uttering a word and die with the unsatisfied love.”

Keshav was impressed by her words but unable to understand the concepts of lust and caring and loving, in his whole life, love means a love of brotherhood and love means respecting the humanity which he experienced in temples and on different occasions, “Offering food to hungry man is a love of humanity and religion taught everyone to donate and help people who is in need.”

His survival for long years is based on such love, a love of humanity which gods teach to society. He knows about marriages and seen hundreds of couple coming to temple for blessing after the religious customs, he also heard such incidents from epics in which the marriage of Lord Rama and goddess Sita in the Ramayana where the couple was forced to live separately and then there was struggle between the couple on social issues. And he also remembered the love of his father to his second mother and the lust she enjoyed with her step son.

Keshav made his mind and recollected the religious sermons that everything decided by god in advance and therefore it is a god's will that he should settle down with this woman. He thought that this soul of a beautiful woman was wandering hither and thither just for him and now god made the opportunity to become one with this soul.

After all she came to him to know the meaning of love and therefore she is with him. The thought made him happy and he gathered his all energy and confidence and he looked towards Laali, who was still looking in empty space without reason, hoping to get her destination, and he hold the hand of Laali.

"You came in my life as true love and therefore I propose you to be with me always as god desired." He felt that his hand started trembling but his heart constant.

Laali was astonished by the change that came into Keshav and she wanted to get her hand out of his grip and run towards her room but unable to do so. She was terrified by such kind of offer when she was not thinking or searching a new man. She wanted to shout on the man who came into her life like a traveler in the path of searching the knowledge, searching about love which is above reason and material world.

"I do not understand, what you mean by that, I am here just to gain some wisdom" Laali took her hand from the grip slowly and shifted away from Keshav.

Keshav was not experienced with such situation but his soul cried inside his heart, 'don't let this woman go away or otherwise there will be no reason to live.' Keshav stood and walked some steps and again turned to the woman to whom he loves more than his wisdom and his life.

"I don't know what is happening to me but I feel that this is the order of the god to propose you. I feel that my thrust for knowledge and life stopped here when you enter in my life. I simply wanted to speak my mind with all my sincerity and with all my command."

"It is up to you to accept my true love for you, I will wait for your reply in morning, and you are free to go away if feel hurt," said Keshav and he turned and went towards the dharamshala.

He sat on the footstep of the building where in the morning a tea stall arranged his things, he sat and start meditating to the unknown deity but unable to concentrate. As he closed his eyes, he found Laali standing and laughing and holding his hand. He cannot concentrate on his meditation and the thought came to him that in the morning Laali left him forever and he started sweating and felt anxiety.

On other hand, there was no sleep in the eyes of Laali and she was astonished by the way Keshav proposed her. She practically came rushing in her room and bolted the door tightly. She took this man as a guide and philosopher who was showing the path of true knowledge.

“What my life is?” thought Laali and she rewind her life and found that whatever and wherever she lived was simply a thrust and blind run for the material world. She had no problem with Gopal but still she feels that there was nothing left in their relations.

“What do you want Laali?” she asked herself and remain silent for some time. ‘I wanted to live a life which has meaning, a love which is not limited to physical pleasure but a solace of heart. The true life which walks on the path where there is a meaning, a life which made me happy not bodily but spiritually.’ She remembered the love of Meera and felt excitement, “The love which has meaning.”

She start thinking about Keshav, a simple and true man, understand everything, even without uttering a word, can discuss about life and have knowledge. “The life partner should like a lantern that show right path every time and enlighten soul.” A partner should understand not only the physical needs but also know the need of heart.” Laali do not know when the sleep took her away.

It was late morning when Laali woke from her deep sleep, she saw a dream in which a light coming from unknown source in the middle of darkness, showing her path and enlighten her route, the path moving upward, like a curved way, a slope. She remember that someone was calling her name and asking her to step on the path of enlighten and she felt calm and cool, no fear, no hesitation, no regrets and nothing just peace of mind.

She stood from her bed and felt that there was heat in the room though the fan was working. She took a bath and suddenly she started thinking about Keshav. His thought made her unstable and uneasy as she had not decided anything yet, she wanted to move away from this place and also away from this man. She had not seen this man in the way in which he proposed her. There was a respect for this man in her heart and confidence on him as a wise man but living together was not her thought or wish. She felt perturbed when she remembered the way he proposed her.

It was only two days before but the intimacy with this man cannot be describe in words, even walking on deserted roads in night with this man bring no fear to her, she wanted to say every feeling to this man who met her just 48 hours ago in a local bus.

She hurriedly dressed and went out to find Keshav, she saw the place where a day before he was sitting and smiling on the steps of the dharamshala. She also looked to a tea stall and all around where her eyes can go. The place was crowded and people were busy in moving around, noises and quarrels heard to her mind but she found no glimpse of Keshav.

Her heart sank and again emptiness came in her life. She left that there is no energy in her body to retain herself stand further and had feeling to faint down. "Why I am missing the man who has no place in my life?" thought Laali.

She remained sitting on the steps of Dharamshala for long time without reason just waiting to see the man again, she had a hope

that Keshav will come to her and stand at her side smiling. But nothing happened like this, for minutes, for hours. Laali remained sitting on the ground.

“Why I am behaving like this and what he is to me and why I am missing him?” thought Laali but got no answer.

She wanted to run from this place, the search for true love for which she came to this place is now changing into mystic love and increasing her anxiety. She stood and went to her room again and fell on her bed and started weeping. “Why god is doing things like this to me, why he is testing me every time?”

She remained there in the bed for some time and suddenly she felt differently, “Meera loved a man without his presence and that is true love.” She stood and smiled and felt relaxed, love doesn’t mean mode to be together and decided to leave this wonderful city where she realized the meaning of love.

She packed her bag and cleared the bill of her room and was feeling hungry and wanted to have something to eat, she looked fresh but still in some corner of her heart she was missing Keshav.

“What an irony, I fell in love with Gopal in first sight about whom I had known nothing that time and felt love, I was ready to be his forever but here I know everything about Keshav, deep from my heart and stepping back from him and moving away from him.”

The bus stand was crowded and mostly villagers were bringing their products from fields including vegetables to sell in the market of Merta. Laali vowed that she will come to this city again in her life to recollect the memories of Keshav who showed her the path of wisdom and help her to experience the concept of love.

Her eyes were still searching him in the crowd and sometime some men resemble him and a hope flesh in her heart but it vanishes with the same speed. "He left the place because he felt the way I went to my room" thought Laali.

She realized that Keshav was true about his feelings for her and spilt his heart without fear, 'you perform your action without worrying the result.' But the way he left the place made Laali upset and therefore the feeling of emptiness again wrapped her. She wanted to forget everything which taken place at night but the proposal by a man qualified in knowledge made her impressed. 'I want nothing from him but wanted to say thank you for everything he had done to me.'

She went to a crowded stall near the platform and asked for the food and also a cup of tea, she wanted to take a bus to Ajmer so that she could reach before evening. There were shouting and conductors leaving the platform were shouting for passengers. He missed two buses without reason, hoping that Keshav will come to search her on bus stand, 'maybe he went to some temple and was doing meditation, maybe he felt sleep somewhere in some temple.' She was busy in tasting the spices of this place when

she found that Keshav was standing near her and smiling as usual.

She went amazed and kept the plate on the counter of the stall. He was still smiling, Laali wanted to cry and shout on this man and wanted to hit him badly but she controlled herself. "So you decided to leave this place" asked Keshav.

His face had no expression and no hurt feeling and no one can judge what he was thinking and no one can assume that this man proposed a woman last night. He was as usual ready to search the art of god around the world.

Laali left with no taste and sat on the bench near the stall, people were coming and going, shouting, laughing and abusing, bus conductors were shouting for the passengers to step in the bus and buses blowing horn to warn that they are leaving. Tea vendors were making noises but Laali was silent and the presence of this man made her quiet again as Lord Krishna said, "grief, happiness, good, evil are like seasons of the year and man should not worry about the presence of such things, they come and go like seasons."

Laali decided to settle with Keshav and she informed Gopal that she does not wanted to continue their relations anymore; she was not even interested to move to panchayat to break the relation with Gopal and to pay jhagda by Keshav. Gopal boiled on her and wanted a fight but Laali was adamant on her decision. "When woman decide things like love then no one can change her mind.'

Keshav was not from her caste and therefore the panchayat has no mean to force any rule on him. The Panchayat can make her social boycott but now she no more care for such orders or of such panchayats. She wanted to learn more and to understand the meaning of life, the life with wisdom and education that matters now for Laali.

She wanted to know and learn more about the karma, the love, the salvation, the truth, and the transcendental. She stood and held the hand of Keshav and asked him to arrange a house for them.

Keshav was happy, as his dreams comes true, that early morning he went to the temple and performed a prayer asking the blessing of god to get settle. For him, the world turns colorful.

6. Mysticism

At present Bhakti is the major practice of religion in India, The practice is so intense that almost every sect of Hindu religion is following this manner to worship god. The main essence of this methodology is to please god by making him happy, by offering things, money, and gold and silver anything according to the standard of the devotee. The movement also encouraged music, art, photography, mass prayer, storytelling, ashrams, songs and hundreds of rituals which devotee has to perform. The system is not simple like moving inside the temple and offer prayers and step out, but the devotee before reaching the main statute, he has to perform different rituals. There are temples where devotee has to wait in the queue to more than eight hours to reach the main spot.

Another culture which emerged in this system is VIP treatment, money and position in government is the criteria or eligibility to have VIP treatment in which the devotee do not has to stand in the queue and he can perform prayer in the main temple from the VIP gate. Millions of rupees are expands on security measures of temples and to maintain discipline in various temples.

The Mimansa and worshipping nature was now the old fashion which no devotee liked to follow. Mimansa is the karma part, the doctrine that state about duties and the process to perform duties. It is a codified law of Hindu religion mostly the ethical part of the

life. This system of worship does not believe on getting the blessing of gods but to improve another life of the soul. The philosophy in this system is increasing the balance of good deeds in the bank of action and according to the balance the soul gets the body of different species from an ant to human being. Even in human being, it is important to get the birth in upper caste rather than lower community. The karma khand (action part is described vastly in Indian culture).

Before this karma part, the religion on this land was to attain salvation by meditation and philosophy. The religion which at present prevailing in India is not at all similar to the religion practiced in this ancient country. There are hundreds of codified laws of Hindu land.

The Vedas were the words in which natural phenomena is described with symbolic names of forces. Mostly the oldest one in Rig Veda and the other three Vedas also describe the way and style of nature and society including medicines and ethics and state policy and society. The post Vedic age was mostly involved in the ritual part and then the age of philosophy and epics made the modification of religion in India.

The religion led by Mimansa describe, what people should do and what they restrict. It is a law book of Hindu land and Mimansa made very clear points on does and don'ts. Beside Mimansa, there were literature like Arthshastra, Manu Smriti and also manuals on politics and society and system of administration which all had base in religion. The meaning of religion was not

worship but performance of duties or rather right duties and availing rights as per the natural laws. It was dharma, the duty which was the base of ancient society of this land.

The Puranas and Upnishads of this land described the methodology and meaning of karmas and explicitly stated both metaphysics and epistemology with examples. These texts make very clear how the world is formed and what is the right knowledge. The liberation of soul from this world is possible only by right knowledge. Almost every philosophy, orthodox and unorthodox in India found the root of liberation in right knowledge, a touch stone of liberating from this sorrowful world. It is only Indian thought in the world that found this world as sorrowful and right knowledge is the key for the path of liberation.

There was also another current of religion thought for knowing the ultimate is a path of mysticism. This group maintains that reality is mystic and has certain rules. The society is fabrication of human mind and therefore unreal. Nature has not made societies, families, money and class. This class is fascinated by the nature of Lord Shiva who is known as a destroyer in the system of Hindu religion.

This cult follows the black side of the reality. They maintain that the light which enlighten any image or object also have the shadow. If the enlighten object is true by the light of knowledge then the shadow of the object is also true and real. Without real object, it is not possible to have a real shadow and if the object is not real then the shadow has also be false.

The cult of mysticism follow the shadow of the truth and therefore the concept of spirit, black magic, witchcraft are the rituals of this group which are thousand and thousand years old and still practiced at large in this land. The secrecy is the major principle of such cults and therefore common people are not aware of these cults in true sense.

Members of these cults came to worship and practice their religion on the places where common people move but their reason and methods are totally different. Their dressing sense, life style and thoughts are totally different from the main stream.

There are different groups like Nagas, Aghoris, Naths and others who try to achieve the ultimate reality by different method. These groups do not live in society and remain away from social affairs, they are not sanyasi or those who denounced the worldly things but a class of people that have their own society. These people shows certain rituals which they practiced and made common man astonished as living without food, water or inhale breath once in a day and living bare in freezing temperature.

Mostly every mystic cult of India emerged from the practice of Lord Shiva who is known as maha-purusa (supreme consciousness) and live away and different from the social affairs, cleaning the body with the dust of dead bodies, living naked, meditating, eating things which are not fit for human being, residing in caves, rituals of black magic are such popular customs of some cults.

For Keshav it came as blessing of his gods that he got the result which he desired and he was enthusiastic with the development of getting the most beautiful woman. He rented a room in Merta, aloof in the outskirts of the town, where the eccentric beauty were sand dunes all round with a courtyard and a room set. Laali was happy to see the place which help her to evaluate the nature of the place and similar to the place where she was born in desert state.

Keshav started teaching and preaching the Geeta in this city of Meera, mostly tourists and devotees come to visit the temple of Meera, He made his place near a neem tree and preach the words of lord Krishna and started a settle life. He always waited for the evening to come so that he could rush back to his house with Laali and they walk for long during night and discuss the meaning of truth and life.

The earning was less but still peace was there, for Keshav those were blissful moments of his life which god granted him for his devotion towards him. Laali was also happy and started reading and writing and learning the literature and Hindu religion, education was rare to her genes as no one in her family read so many religious books, not even her ancestors in thousands of years.

In India education in past was limited only for upper class and lower communities were not allowed to read religion. These communities only follow the instruction of upper castes and for every system they quote rulings from religious codified books but

now when Laali read about the religion the more she enjoyed the creation of seers.

There were times when Laali disagree with Keshav on the concept of death and life and fate and impoverish life, right and wrong, she also relates epics like Ramayana and Mahabharata with situations to solve some instances and decide right and wrong in view of religion. She also discussed some stances of ethics in Mahabharata with other scholars who were keen to know the crux of Geeta and they usually drop at the house of keshav. "Do not desire fruit from your actions" is the main motive which Laali accepted from these teachings.

There were times when Keshav told her his feeling about the different knowledge and also how he took things at diverse point of time. The religion is the touch stone to decide the ethics and truth of life, it is the base of society and made people disciplined for living in a group. Laali took that religion is not only a thing to practice but to understand and train the soul to live a good life.

There were times when the argument between Laali and Keshav heated up and turned to conflict and later each of them tried to convince their view point. "Are men having free will to perform action or he is bound to perform certain action?" On one hand the Geeta describes that three elements (gunas) are responsible for action and at another instance Geeta asked to perform action without desire.

The Gunas (attributes) are the main source of action, as the tejas (black) element is responsible for wrong deeds, harassment, cruelty, the Rajas (red) element is responsible for fighting, arguing and dominating and the third Satva (white) element is responsible for good deeds and ethical life.

These gunas are active elements of nature which always try to force down the others and remain ahead. These gunas get energy from the things which we eat, as liquor instigates the rajas guna and milk prompts satva guna. These gunas are responsible for making thought process,

The oldest Samkhya philosophy described the nature and consequences of these gunas and clearly stated that actions are controlled by gunas.

“But Geeta preaches human about actions and therefore it contradicts the philosophy of Samkhya on which the Geeta totally based the principle of life” objected Laali.

Keshav had no answer of this question and said that liberty to act is the right of soul and not of body, “We act wrongly because soul is attached and fascinated by the body” cleared Keshav.

During their delightful life, Laali born a child and was happy to have a girl. Life was smooth and Laali still in thirties, attracting scholars and students with her beauty who came to her to discuss some theories on ethics and society. She had the eager to live a life of introspection and she realized that satisfying the

body is not only the way to live a good life but nourishing unstable soul is important for human race throughout the world.

The girl was growing and Laali found that it was her re-birth. Part of her soul transformed into the girl and therefore the saying that soul never dies and move into another body, comes true for this woman. She wanted to educate her daughter and she narrates stories from epics and from religious books to develop the base of ethical education in her child.

Things started changing when Keshav found more hunger to know rather than religion and philosophy. One day he discussed with Laali that there is something more than religion and philosophy. Literature is not the ultimate knowledge; religion is to make people live in a good social life but beyond the layer of society there have a real knowledge.

He attracted with the mystic theories and decided to study mysticism, especially Indian mysticism. There are different sects of mysticism of Indian thoughts in which one of the most closed society and most dangerous is Aghoris. They usually found roaming in groups and Keshav was fascinated when he met some of them in the Kumbh fair. They were there in hundreds in number, gathered for Shahi Snana (royal bath). The theory of this ritual is that when people left securing the convictions of nature, this group come forward to maintain the sanity in the world.

They wandered naked and do not care for the society. They offer prayers in cemeteries and wash their body with the ashes of dead

that are burnt in funerals; they drink the blessed water in the skull of humans and offer meat of hens to unknown power. They do not interact with society and for them the society is synthetic and god has not made the society. Only nature is true and to overpower the nature is the true salvation.

They went to Himalayas to meditate for days and nights without eating anything. There are talks that these Aghoris have mystic powers and therefore they can fly in air. It is hard to become a member of this community and very hard to know about their rituals. There are theories that this sect walks on the path of Lord Shiva who remains away from civilization and society and is pure Pursa, the absolute consciousness, away and different from the material world. Only consciousness is true and nothing that came from the world is reliable.

Keshav was so much impressed by this sect that he felt desire to know and realize the nature of pure sense of consciousness. He met some people while his visit to Ujjain at Singhastha fair and decided to join the group.

Consciousness, when in state of freedom from the material world is pure in true sense which is a god element, an element which science has not yet discovered the state of consciousness which is without any complex compound of body, the consciousness which is pure knowledge and pure experience of salvation.

Keshav went so deep and attracted to this concept that he started forgetting about Laali and his daughter and remain out of

the place for days. One day he returned home and announced that he is going for a journey to Himalayas to understand the meaning of performance of auspicious day. Indian philosophies accept that there are five major elements in which fire, earth, water, sky and soul formed the world.

When Laali came to know about the idea of Keshav she frightened and talked to Keshav but he assured that he will return soon after studying the art of occult. He said that he got some friends who will help him to know the meaning of pure consciousness. Day passes and turn to months, Laali was alone with her daughter and left with no source of income, the house owner asked her to leave the house as there was no mode of paying the rent.

Things started going worse for the woman who came to search of true love and knowledge and got a man who showed her a way of religion and left her in the middle of the path just because he wanted to search the reality of consciousness. Life started shaping differently and now the peace and knowledge and ethics are turning another way. Her heart made her believe that Keshav will return back soon but reality warned her to take a turn soon to beat the miseries.

The society also turned away from her when the rumors spread that Keshav went to practice occult and black magic. Societies do not accept such practices and therefore Laali was boycotted from society. There were rumors that Keshav is catching souls of ancestors and performing black magic. People now afraid to visit

Laali and whenever they saw her in market they started avoiding her.

Living become hard and worse and one day, when it was raining, she found that her daughter suffering with high fever, she had no one to see her and no money to take her to doctor. She went to government hospital for treatment and brought some medicines. But fever started shooting at night and Laali remain with her daughter whole night trying to comfort her daughter.

After a long time, Laali wanted to cry, wanted to shout, not because she was suffering from lack of knowledge or searching the meaning of love and life but wanted to cry to show the miseries that even attaining the average level of knowledge, she is facing problems, generated by the wrong believes of society.

Rains again started at night and remain till evening. It was a dooms day for Laali and she tried everything to make her daughter comfortable. There was less to eat and no one to share the problem. The water was flowing in the veranda as the desert does not want the water remain on its ground for long. She left her daughter in the bed and went to the neighbor but they refused talking to her, "We don't want that our children also face the terror of gods.

Your daughter is suffering because her father disturbed the religious nature and practice occult" said a woman voice came from behind the closed window. Laali return back to her house in depression.

Time has changed and her search for knowledge also changed to search for work to earn something for her daughter, she decided to work to support herself and her daughter, now no scholar or intellects came to her place to discuss religion or ethics, society started fearing that her man went to occult and specializing in black magic.

The fear, that keeping any touch with this family means facing consequences of black magic. Black magic, still popular in India and even on the cross roads of the cities, one can found totkas (magical elements) like body of a hen, eggs, red color, green chili, lemons and other things which imprisoned mischief souls that wait for another living body.

Words of Keshav joining the Nagas spread like air in this religious town and now people scared from this family, if someone went ill, the doubt goes to this family but they fear to protest openly. And this brave woman who faced every up and downs in her life found herself shattered, the theory of remaining alike at the time of sorrow and happiness and such situations are like seasons of the year, crushed badly. The reality broke even strongest man and she cried whole night.

And in the morning, when Laali came out from her nap, she found her daughter dead, as dead as stone, no movement, no breath, just the body as the pure and eternal soul left the perishing material body, liberated in search of another body.

Laali do not wanted to believe that her daughter died, she loved her and asked her to wake up, she kissed her many times, dozens time and she started scolding her and again kissed her begging to stand up and then she narrated stories from different religion, she also slapped her to show her anger and after hours, she cried and shouted and wanted to call the soul back in the body but nothing happened.

No one came to her help, the rains stopped but her eyes still wet with continuous weeping. It was like her soul went away from her body with the soul of her daughter, which was the part of her, her rebirth. Few neighbors who heard the blaring came and gathered outside the gate of the house, wanted to know the reason of such shouts. They heard shouting and cry of Laali.

Someone unknown came and counsels her and it was spread that the baby of this woman died and someone said, 'the result of occult,' another said deeds comes true and again someone said that she had paid the cost of black magic they practiced, another one said she killed her daughter just to made the darkness happy.

Another said that god paid their deeds and so on talks went from house to house and from village to village and at last it turned to sacrifice a daughter to win the darkness of occult.

But still someone arranged the last rite of funeral for the dead body. Society never allows wrong things and never supports the mistakes, there prevails a religion and gods and god punish those

who left his path and worship different deities and demons. He wanted everyone to stay close to him so he can save them when needed. Demons lure but never help and support humanity.

Laali herself went to the cremation of her daughter. The dead body was burnt with woods and slowly few people who gathered for the last rite scattered soon. The woods were wet and therefore took time to burn the dead. It was again raining and Laali remained sitting near the burning of the dead body.

The soul already flight away and Laali wanted to see how body perish without soul, “Body is the true lover of soul and when soul left the body, the body unable to live even for a moment and perished.” It is like a lover dying and burning without his partner alone and facing the decisiveness all alone.

For long two days Laali remained sitting near the ashes of her daughter. Sleepless, without food and without any rest, without hope and without future, how things changed, no one can describe. She turned to a religious woman and practices the religion by heart, ‘Lord Krishna said do not cry on the death of beloved because soul is eternal and they will take rebirth’ but the death here is not of a soul or of a body but of individuality, an identity, an individuality which is a combination of soul and body and formed an identity.’

“I am not crying on the death of a body and leaving of a soul from the body but I am crying on the death of my daughter who was my identity” said Laali to herself.

She said the soul can probably take another birth but her daughter will never return back. She is dead as dead as nature and as dead as society. She thought that when material is also an eternal essence of truth then why denounced it totally, the consciousness and material are two different elements then why people care only for the soul.

Laali thought, that if only consciousness is the ultimate truth than what is the use of body, why we live, cessation of every worldly thought is the ultimate goal then there is no need of society, family, birth and life. "This is maya which wrapped the true knowledge and shows reality as falsely," written on the wall of that crimatorian.

What is false knowledge, no, it is not a wrong knowledge, wrong knowledge is contradictory of true knowledge but false knowledge emerged from the true knowledge. The Vedanta maintains that false knowledge is like taking a rope as a snake in mild light. The false knowledge is a reflection of true knowledge and it came out just because there is knowledge. The wrong knowledge means taking a snake without any thing on the spot. The Maya, power of Brahma, which is ultimate and material deflect the vision and mind of pure consciousness.

The Vedanta also took this world real till one cannot overcome this Maya; one can come out of Maya, the illusion, when he could able to differentiate between the self and the material world. "Even gods are true and this world is true till one can live within the sphere of Maya and the day when he realized that the

ultimate truth is pure consciousness then there is no true world, no true god and no truth beside the Brahma which is highest soul.”

Laali thought that how can this world be unreal and how can action free from desire. I have not tried to save my daughter if I had no desire to save her and have no desire to love her. It was not possible that I can try hard to save my daughter from death just because I have to perform the action without desire. There is no single action which leads to desire-less state. If the world is not real then there is no need of salvation because when Maya is not real and just a power of Brahma- the ultimate spirit then let it pass with age and at end the liberation comes to the soul. “The death is the ultimate liberation.”

She recollected while sitting on a wet ground, alone, in front of the ashes of the body of her daughter, “The Geeta taught action according to the caste. Lord Krishna asked Arjuna to fight and conquer the enemies just because his dharma or duty as a Kshatriya- warrior class is to fight. The karma described in Geeta were according to the class based but now in this age the lower caste too have the right of education and right to join the forces, The teachings are not contemporary” thought Laali.

The action without desire is like doing anything which is forced to do, a slave obey his master just to perform the duty, he has no desire to work but do things just because his master ordered. Humans are not slaves of gods and therefore they cannot act just

to fulfill the orders. They work because they wanted to work something specific.

Feelings like hate, love and jealousy, expectations are natural things that flow from the heart and force us to act accordingly.

“How can Geeta state that I should not grieve on the untimely death of my daughter?”

Laali was muddled and found that there is something more in the sphere of knowledge which she left and therefore Keshav went away in search of the thing which is left and abandoned by society.

It is common thought in India which elaborates that world is not real and soul is only ultimate reality, the existence of world and material is taken for granted and have no importance even in religion.

“They call this world as a game of god but what desire the god left to play such games, or this world is known as the dream of god but what made the god dream who fulfilled all desires and attained the stage of equilibrium, and this world is known as an act of god and then how can such act is full of miseries and sorrow when the performer himself is perfect and some says that creation is the expression of god others maintain that it is like a will of god, others declare that it proceeds from time and again other states that it is a sport of god. But what desire can god have who has realized all desires.”

If body and soul are different substances then how can they are dependent on each other in ascertaining their activities, if they are of opposite nature how can they affect each other. How can it possible that incorporeal, unmoved spirit move the animal and receive impulses from them and when the entity of soul is true then why not the material which is also an entity is false.

Laali was jumbled with such notions and felt regret that why she chosen such life, “one cannot remain stable in happiness and in sorrow”. Her life started to understand love and ends here at criminating her daughter who has done no sin and died just because she was not treated timely for her illness, “It was rightly said that knowledge is dangerous and it should be attain only by some chosen minds.”

The true love is not the spiritual satisfaction but physical, “I had no love for Keshav and I do not miss him as I am missing my daughter now, there was only a satisfaction of wisdom with Keshav, a feeling of introspection, a guide and philosopher but never had a sensation of a lover like Meera living happily in love of lord Krishna. If Keshav does not turn back then my soul will not ramble to find him” thought Laali.

The transcendental love is not only spiritual but there is some more essence in it, the love which is above logic and reasoning. Laali wanted to die, to get liberation like her tender age daughter get freedom and she again started crying, sitting on the wet land in front of the ashes of the body of her daughter which turn to cool and waiting for someone to dispose in the holy Ganges.

7. Materialism

It is false to say that there is no stream of materialism flourished on the land of India. Still this time, the impact of materialism are seen in the life style and in societies which one can trace long back to starting of this civilization. Nata custom is one of the examples which show that life is real and there is necessity of a partner in this life, sex is not a taboo and essentiality for life and this world is real.

Materialism here preached that this world is real and other then this world, things are secondary. Indians by nature practice this materialism but this thought which flourished many times within this civilization was crushed by the idealistic thoughts by showing fear of god and curses of priests. Invention of materialism were interpreted as gift of spiritualism for example the pushp vahana (flower vehicle) described in Ramayana was possible by materialistic approach but it is described as the spiritual vehicle.

The Charvaka philosophy school is the oldest materialistic stream of India and even in the epics like Mahabharata, there are quotes of this school and even the name of philosopher Charvaka mentioned. The original text of this school is unfortunately lost but principles of this school are found in references in other schools and in other books.

The major setback of this school is that it is largely made to believe that they believe in only one thing which is 'eat drink and

marry and eat butter even one has to borrow.’ There are controversies about this school but still there is an example that the materialist school had followed ethics and also designed fabrics of society.

There are proves that this school was not against society or not parallel to animal kingdom but taught the reality of this world. There are also versions that this school emerged against the excessive use of Vedic rituals and against caste pattern in India, like Marxists as an anti-thesis, but rarely any great research has taken up to understand the meaning of materialism in Indian context.

The materialism in India practiced since thousands of years and the major worship of this thought process is the feminist Nature. Nature is feminist, aggressive and active, like a woman who takes care of her family and her house, she is the one who make family and transform the rituals and customs from one generation to another.

The feminist power is the source of this world. The world which moves not only on materialistic requirements but also the psychology of human nature including lust, hopes, desire, jealousy, hatred, love, frustration and with such feelings it continue growing with symbolic life. Even at present, people are living materialistic lives and made spiritualism as tool to pretend that real life is not material.

In North-East part of this country there was a ritual and still practiced at large in certain communities that when there are no rains and condition erupt drought like, women gathered in open in dried fields and performed naked dance to lure the god of rains, Indra, who excited with such performance and desirably rush to such place and pour water.

There are also customs in north India where mother goddess Kali came out intoxicated to kill the evil demons. There are customs in some of the tribes of Madhya Pradesh in which woman power is used to cultivate good crops. The materialism is symbolic and maintains that the world is real and has certain principles.

The Charvaka thought was later so suppressed that there is less known about the ethics and principle of life in this philosophy which were framed for a better life by other spiritual schools of India but still practices of certain rituals mark the importance of this material school in India. The literature which are available shows that the world is real and therefore living a life is important and this life will not return back again.

No one knows what lies after death and no one knows either soul exits even after body perished. The reality at present is to make better future. "Such thinking washes the cry of deeds and guilt of past and also hope and expectation of tomorrows." This philosophy also supports the concept of hard work to make the life better and more better every day.

On the contrary, the spiritual thought restrain people from doing whatever they wanted to do or to work hard, "The spiritual thought believe that it is the god who decide fate of a man and therefore nothing can be changed without the desire of god and therefore man hesitate to work, let the fortune fall on me,"

The message of Indian materialism is god said to human, "I have filled the whole sky with the stars and O! Pity man you can't even understand a single art of mine, how you think you can know thee me."

The old man who worked for criminating dead bodies saw a woman sitting for long two days on the wet floor, without food and without water and without shelter and he slowly reached to her in evening and offered her a glass of water, Laali was still not in her senses and she shouted the name of her daughter, slowly and then loudly, to know where she was. Only mother can understand the deep pain of criminating her young daughter.

The old man showed worried about this destitute woman and sat near her on the floor. He had seen many dead bodies in his life and many grieved people coming for the last ritual of their beloved but had never seen such a grief in his life. Generally the body perished and so the sorrow with time and as soon as the wood turns to ashes, relatives forget the reality of spiritualism and engaged in their mundane world. He kept his hand on her head and said, "Daughter there is no use to grief for the dead as body perished but soul lives forever."

Laali took her face up, it was swollen with crying and her lips were dried, her beautiful cheek were blacken and she sarcastically laughed and glared in an empty space, “Baba have you seen soul living after the body? No one saw that, it was the Buddha who got Nirvana after he was enlighten with knowledge and unable to answer the question on life after death. It was his disciples who tried to sense the meaning of his silence on such question,” said Laali. She thought, there were thousands of seers and philosophies proving idealism and marking soul as eternal and immortal but no one specifically stated that where this soul lives in the body. Some says it sit in the heart and some agreed that it remained in the head and some says it is in every part of the body but no one knows where the soul is in the body.

The old man was not a good orator and also not intelligent to understand words which are spoken outside this place. He understand the complex of spirituality and also an experienced person who know how to fight sufferings, witnessed death and departing souls and relatives and friends in sorrow and witnessing all such things is his main profession, he does not know what people and wise say about the soul, “Life has to move even though without beloved,” added old man.

Laali laughed and sat straight on the floor, it was wet and Laali first time felt the cold of the ground and wintry in the atmosphere, she thought that her journey to know the transcendental love is completed on this last place of life where everyone has to come in the end, where body and soul departed and the identity lost its

existence, yes, the transcendental love is not living without a touch of another or loving without logic or reasoning but the transcendental and true love is not living without another.

The real love between the body and soul that lost identity without each other perished without one, the identity, the individuality lost if one of the parts is lost. Soul can be free and can have rebirth but it will not remain the same as part of the personality and the body that lost the companionship of the soul perished forever.

This is true love and remembered by every soul and body that they unite together and since the very first breath they are together and depart together, forever. It is transcendental because this love is constant since living being came on this earth and will remain till the race of living being remain in the universe, love is not remembering and living without someone but dying without another.”

Laali again thought, there is no love example in this world like a love of soul and body, the life is a harmony of soul and body, the identity is the identity of love bond of this two separate elements in which one is consciousness and the other is material. They both are not opposite but counterpart of each other, from millions of years, the love remained in this two elements, it is only love which binds soul and body together and love doesn't mean loving without touch, without seeing, without feeling but love means to be together like one part and perish without another.

She again thought, she met Keshav and he proclaimed his love for her but now he is somewhere without her, without sharing her sorrow and without worrying her situation, without knowing that his daughter has died, just searching the meaning of knowledge, he is not in pain with her pain, the love is not sharing two different things by two people but feeling similar in similar conditions.

Whereas body and soul share happiness, sorrow, grief and pleasure together. They cannot remain away from each other, if soul is in sadness the body reacts and fell ill and if body is in trouble, the soul reacts and went sad. "The true love is to feel the emotions and feelings of each other, in true love it is not possible that one is in sorrow and other is happy and joyful.

It has not seen that the soul is enjoying the sermons of happiness and body is in severe in pain. "The true and transcendental love is a love of soul and body that remains together in one bond since the birth and shares each and every feeling together till die together."

Laali smiled and then laugh, "I started my journey for search of a love and went moving to temples and seeking knowledge and searching the meaning of love and at last I realized that the meaning of love lies within our self, "Love yourself" is the only perfect love which remains since thousands of years and will remain forever. Caring for body by soul and loving the soul by body is the only nishkama karma taught in religion.

There is no desire when the body sleeps and the soul rest and there no desire of soul when body feed to remain healthy, soul never says that why body is eating as that will not help the soul to remain perfect. The soul works together with body to attain the rest and peace together. The soul does wrongs like greed, theft just to make body happy and in comfort. The body intoxicated to provide rest to the soul. The relation of these two entities is based on caring and love.

The old man hesitated by seeing the woman whimsical, he had heard lot about transmission of souls and also about the magic that change soul in body and therefore he stepped away from Laali, "What you will do with the remaining ashes and bones of the body" asked old man.

It was his duty to collect the ashes and bones so this debris, as per Hindu rituals, could be drawn in the water of Ganges. In return, the old man gets some money to survive in this world. The security of remaining of the ashes is also important because it is said that the wandering soul cannot rest and will attach with such remaining and never leave this world. There are also conceptions that tantriks use such remaining to perform black magic and call the soul and make them slave.

"Leave them wherever you want as now onwards I do not need any ritual to perform," Laali stood from the ground and found her whole body cramping and slowly she took her posture and start walking towards the main gate. It was afternoon, and there were clouds on the sky, she went to the water tab and drank as much

water as she could and washed her face. She made her getup better and walked out of the door.

The cool air brought freshness to her, her nose was used to the smell of burning bodies inside those four walls. She has no place to go, no money and nothing to survive but still she now have a feeling of transcendental concept that her body and soul are together, loving each other and she knows that love has power and they both will do something to survive as both wanted to remain together for long in a love bond.

She went towards the town, the place where she dropped in search of true love and lost everything she had, her daughter which was everything to her and now alone she crumpled her soul into ashes. Without a temple, without a peer, without a guide she at last realized that true love is within self and need no introspection and searching in the world.

Love cannot define empirically but it is innate and comes within self. She do not wanted to cry more, more for the beloved one she lost in her life but wanted to witness the true love within her, the love of body and of soul, the love of two things tied together in a knot that can be loose only at the time of death.

She went to a tea stall and asked for a cup of tea. She sat and looked towards the temple of Meera and she found that the temple is a mere building of stones and place of historical importance, she laughed on herself. The love which have no

base and the love which remained like a dream, yes, love is not selfish and love is also not selfless.

Laali at this time was alone and wanted to decide about her life, she left with no place to go, no one to take care of her, no one to love her and no one to ask about her whereabouts. She lost everything, her husband, her lovers, and her son and at last her daughter but what remained together in her is soul with her body.

She decided to move to the place of her father where she can think and decide something about her life. She wanted to vend all those left behind in the rented house because she does not want to carry the symbol of destruction with her. She has no feeling left for Keshav who left her in the middle of the mess and she has left no desire to know about love.

Laali was again in the bus moving from Merta to her village on the same highway where she travelled before to know the karma and the love which is above logic and reason and now she is retreating back with pain and redness in her eyes. The heart was broken not because she was deceived by a man who fell in love with her but because she lost her faith in religion and in god.

“When there is no pain and pleasure for soul then there is no need to decide right or wrong. Soul is consciousness which is above the material world then there should be no religion guiding the soul to live.” It is the body which need direction, a body which is material and need to survive in this material world.

The path of material body cannot be described by the route of soul. "They preach how to give solace to soul and how to liberate the consciousness from the circle of rebirth but they cannot give tips how to sooth the body and how to live rightly in this very material world" thought Laali. If the body is in happiness, soul enjoys the situation. "You wanted to break the bond of love by separating these two entities to lose the individuality."

There was a passenger suffering from cancer in the bus and his attendant was worried about him. The patient had some therapy at Jaipur and going back to his village with his brother. He was crying in pain, the cancer which was deducted at last stage was difficult to cure, and sometimes he found difficulty in taking breath.

"The cancer in the body made the body suffer and the soul is also suffering. The soul is not detached, 'soul cannot say that this is the suffering of material body why should I worry, let it suffer and face the consequences of material world and let me just concentrate on the pureness and separate and detach myself from the body, because I am soul and therefore not material."

Laali stood up and asked the patient, "Why don't you think that this is the disease of a body and not of soul, the soul is eternal and immortal, the body will perish somehow then what is the use of crying."

Not only the patient but nearby passengers were stunned by this preaching, it is not possible to learn wisdom when the body is facing tremendous pain.

The patient gathered his all energy and charged on Laali, “What a fool you are, making a joke of a patient who is just dying with pain. Don’t you think that god is looking to you and will punish you?”

There were some passengers who looked to Laali as a madwoman and shifted away from her. “How much people are confused, they maintain the concept of god but also give importance to material world, if soul is the only truth then they should not worry about physical pain,” There is a famous saying in Kandogyaga Upanishad, the treatise of Hindu religion and that states, “Mind my son comes from food, breath from water and speech from fire.”

Laali thought that since the birth of a child there are rituals which are followed till the end of a life and these rituals are to make this life perfect, including body and not only the perfection of soul. There is a ritual called Panigrah Sanskar (marriage) in which the sanskar (ritual) is not performed for the peace of soul but for the pleasure of body, “If the liberation is concern only for the soul then there is no need of society, or rituals, of god and of anything which is material.”

Laali was confused with the theory of religion which only concern for the soul, “The man is suffering from cancer is not worried

about the soul but caring for the body and still believing in god who will liberate the soul in peace.” The journey of Laali back to her village was just a philosophical U turn and the path she travelled is no more soothed solace to her. She was impressed by the karma theory but now found that karma are not independent of desire because action without desiring is like roaming without reason and logic and therefore reach nowhere.

8. Local deity

Almost every community of this colorful and cultural land has their own deity and every village has a temple of different deity. The importance of the deity is so specific that the community does nothing do anything without taking permission from them. The ancestors also provided symbolic terms and symbols to these temples. One of the important features of these deities is their flags by which they are recognized.

There are some flags which are huge and have different symbols on it. During the procession of religious ceremonies, the main panch carry the flag so that people can recognize the group that they are coming from a certain village.

The social fabric was so defined that no member can disobey the rules of community panchayat. Even today people move to community panchayats rather than approaching judicial courts of the land. There are different levels of panchayats to decide different social and religious matters.

The village panchayat is governed by a panchayat of eleven villages and that panchayat is government by the bench of twenty one villages and then panchayat of fifty one villages. Above all these panchayat there is maha panchayat who decide final matters.

Recently a Gujar agitation was staged in the state demanding reservation. This community found that they are socially and educationally backward and therefore need reservation in government jobs. Gujjars are either farmers or cattle farmers but education percentage is still less in this community.

And when the maha panchayat decided that they need reservation, this community jammed the transportation of the state and jammed the railway lines. Thousands of gujjaras came and sat on railway lines and on highways which shaken the law and order situation. The decision of maha panchayat is so acceptable that no group deny such decisions.

Rajasthan remained land of kings and knights and royal castes who had their own culture, customs and rituals and also literature. They ruled this land and have their own states. These local communities formed their own societies and remained like under current and unable to get reorganization even on state level because their literature, stories and customs fail to surface because there was no education. The literature was written for the upper castes and royal families.

These deities are the source of energy in villages and community members visit to these temples demanding blessing from their ancestors because these deities are their ancestors once. Deities hear the problems and give power to the member to fight for the right as codified in unwritten law of their groups.

Laali remained at the house of her father for more than six month and in that time she was searching herself in her isolated room and roaming alone in the village. She wanted to know what had happened wrong with her life, she was alone and wanted to be cared, she remembered Shyam and Gopal who were caring for her, she also bear in mind Keshav who taught her wisdom and show her the path of knowledge and of soul and she also remember her son and also a dead daughter to whom she crminated herself.

“The life is not only a worry of soul but there is something real, we cannot take this world unreal, a relation of mother and father, a relation of husband and wife and a relation of mother and children” Thought Laali.

One day she went to the farm of Mohammad and found the old man sitting alone in a chair in a shade of Khejari tree. She saluted him and sat on the floor asking about him. Mohammad was old and left alone in the village by his family members who migrated to different cities to earn their luck.

Mohammad does not want to leave his village where he was born and where he lived with his beloved wife who died five years ago. He made this place his house where he wanted to die peacefully. “Kakasa (uncle) how are you and how can you live alone?” asked Laali.

Mohammad smiled with teeth less mouth and said, so you are the daughter of Beera, I saw you when you were very small,” He

was happy that someone turned to him to talk about him, time has changed and so people changed, things changed and also the culture changed. Now he is not important an important person in the village who was once a big landlord because more and more people of this village and also from nearby places migrated to different places. Most of them joined army or police so to get chance to rid from this arid place where life is not only tough but also difficult.

He relaxed on the cot and started remembering his young days; he was most important person in the village and having a family of about 15 people. "You know man cannot love only to people or relatives but also to his surroundings. Because surroundings become your part, have you notice this sand talks to me, these trees chat with me, the water well in my land brief his problems and therefore they become family members to whom you cannot leave."

Laali gave a thought on these words and at first instance, it looked that the old man lost his brain, who say that non-living things talks but later she realized that surrounding too have importance in life. And these are all material. "Kaksa what you think life is and how should we live," Laali asked again.

Mohammad laughed on this question and then coughed, he made his posture upright and started thinking, "You know there are lot of theories in my religion, restrictions and dos which one has to perform. We are said that if we follow the codified books then lord will bless us."

“I am a religious man and follow all the instructions of prayer even at this age but the main philosophy which I followed is that I always hear the voice of my soul. The soul guides us in right way and takes us in right direction.”

Laali shifted near to the old man to understand the better meaning of his words; after all he was speaking his experience of his life. He coughed again and said, “You know we have the power to judge situations and therefore we know how to calculate it. Our soul guides us because it hears the voice of lord and even rest with the body after death when the body is buried in the ground.”

“The right path for a life is to hear the voice of the soul and it helps us to understand the life better. There were lot of decisions which I took against the established rules of religion; I never believe that one who do not have faith in Allah is not a good or religious man.”

“Love is not simple as loving a wife or loving a son but love means that you are somehow involved with someone. If any member who live in a family but never involved in the sorrow and happiness of other family members then it is like two stones lying for long time in deserted field”

“Here I am involved in this place and I love every corner of my field and every corner of my lonely house and talk to them regularly.”

He again said, “Therefore I am not alone and have full family of my life, you see that tree which have more flowers this time than last year.”

Laali was impressed and wanted to know from this experienced man who learnt different religion, had lived and followed different rituals and whose god is also different, “Kakasa, when soul is not concerned with material then how it is possible that it guide the body for right and wrong.”

Mohammad laughed and said, “Body and soul remain same, there is no entity of either one without unification, have you seen soul roaming alone and saying I have divorced my body and do not wanted to live with it.”

“The soul rest on the ground where the body is buried, no one can separate them even after death. And therefore soul guides the body about right and wrong and therefore the nature runs on this principle.”

Laali remained for long hours with Mohammad and talked about feeling, jealousy and also about love. Mohammad shared his experiences and also narrated some stories. Laali made her routine to visit Mohammad and also discussed about her experiences.

It was like two lonely persons got the channel to bring out their sorrows and split their pain which they stored them from long time. The channelization started giving way to Laali and her

attitude changed and now again she felt desire to know about the love and its importance in life.

Life for Laali was restoring back and this is because she got a friend like Mohammad with whom she was channelizing her feelings, re-confirming the theories she faced in her life, talking mostly the doubts she faced in her experience.

One day when she went to Mohammad she found that he moved to Alwar to attend a marriage of his relative. Laali felt depressed as she lost the company of a good friend.

She starts wandering in the village talking to her known, knowing about their lives and she reached to the temple of her deity. It was same and usual with all symbols and a huge flag on the top of the doom. She knows the place as it was her routine in her childhood. The priest in such temple is not of upper caste but one of the panch of the community. There is no certain ritual in such temples but only one can join hands. Close eyes and wish from the deity what they wanted.

On many occasions there are songs sung defining the importance of deity and also stories of successes in way the deity acted and saved the community. Laali found the old panch and wished him, "Oh, you are Laali, daughter of Beera, how are you doing" asked the panch.

Laali blushed and said nothing; there was nothing specific to say to the man of her community. She sat inside the veranda and found comfortable.

There were dozens of birds, singing and shouting on the trees grown up nearby the temple. They were shouting, fighting laughing and making noises, Laali thought how this society of birds communicates, “Without society there is no identity and therefore society is the base of development.”

She found that one bird was sitting alone on a branch of a tree, unaware of the communication of dozens of birds and she was singing in full power. Laali fascinated by the voice and she tried to copy the notes and then laughed. She loved the scene where dozens of birds were busy in chatting and one of them sitting alone, unaware of the issue discussed by other birds and singing a lyric from her heart.

Laali was so fascinated and she remained on this place for an hour and tried to understand the bird sitting alone, she was alone from the society but still singing a song, “Is this a Nirvana, fulfillment of every wish and every motive. Has she controlled her emotions and now feeling satisfied” thought Laali.

And then she found another bird flight and sat near that lonely bird. They both started chatting and the single note of the lyric turned to a duet and after sometime both fly in a same direction.

Life should flow like a river to remain fresh, thought Laali, she has now no more regret for anyone. She stood and found the panch coming towards her. He was happy to found Laali sitting outside the temple near the foot of a tree on a bench. He stopped and

was breathing heavily. He looked to her again and said, "I want you to come to my house and have a cup of tea."

Tea is an important drink which generally people of this land like to have many times in a day, whenever anyone from community or some know drop to the house of anyone the tea is served because it is a cheap affair as well as it give the time to chat,

Basically, tea is not the native drink of Rajasthan but when British came to rule this land, they introduced it and since then it is so adapted that it become the part of the custom of many communities.

Laali felt happy that the panch of her community is caring her; she wanted to go home to talk with her father about her further life but now thought that it is better to chat with the family of the panch to know more about their community. She stood and joined hand towards the gate of the temple and remembered her deity and went with the panch.

The panch was old, old enough to keep pace with Laali. He had a stick in his hand and walking slowly. His house was near to the temple but to reach the place they have to cross two fields. It was a sunny day and good for the winters. Winters are harsh in this land and sun brings comfort for people that burn everything during summers. The temperature usually went to freezing point and life become difficult with cold winds which come to these plains by crossing Himalayas in a way of westerly.

Laali found local berries in the field and loved to have them. They are sweet and grow in large number. She found that panch was walking behind and have difficulty in walking the path. She went to the shrub and took out as many berries as she could.

A woman has a definite nature to enjoy the barriers which she herself tries to take from such shrubbery.

When they reached the house, wife of the panch was standing on the gate and blushed to see Laali, She too welcomed Laali, the woman asked about her mother and about her family and blushed as she saw her own daughter after a very long time. Panch was exhausted when he reached the house and sat on the chair lying in sun rays like a dead man.

“I am not happy with Kamala because she never come to me even when I was sick” said wife of the panch.

She then went inside and brought a glass of water for Laali. Laali smiled and said, “My mother is now growing old and not keeping herself with the time.”

And then a man came out from inside the house and look to Laali. He was in mid-forties and wearing good clothes, clothes which generally urban people wear. His color was black and wearing golden rings in almost all four fingers with semi-precious stones carved in it and also a golden chain. There was also a bracelet in his right wrist.

Wife of panch looked first at him and then to Laali and found that both were trying to recognize each other. The man then smiled and went inside. Laali found this man as stranger and looked towards the old woman. The old woman kept the glass on floor and went inside after that unknown man. The panch was looking to unknown direction as he is not interested in anything whatever going there.

Laali was confused on this situation and stood to move inside the house but remained standing as she do not wanted to involve in anything. The old woman later came out, smiling and happy and then held the hand of Laali and took her near the cot which was lying in an open space in sun rays to have the warmth of the sun in this cruel winter.

She then put her hand on the head of Laali as she was trying to appreciate her, "You have not recognized Girdhar, son of my brother, living in Bhilwara" asked old woman.

Laali was confused as she had never seen the brother of this old woman, may be when she was young and attended hundreds of ceremonies in the village.

She nodded in negation and remained silent. The old woman again smiled and said, "He is having a good business in Mandal block of Bhilwara and earning thousands of rupees. He also owns a car and a bungalow. His sons left him to Hyderabad after taking their shares and his wife died seven years ago."

Laali nodded slightly again as she now smelling something cooking by these people.

The woman took deep breath and said, "He is a good man and alone with lot of money. I suggested him several women but he was not interested to share his remaining life with anyone and now he is agreed and wanted a nata with you."

Laali was surprised by such proposal because at present she had nothing in her mind about the nata or cohabitation with anyone. She was trying to overcome the bitterness she had faced in her life and therefore had given no idea for settling down again.

"What can I say Kaki (Aunt), you know I suffered a lot."

"I know Laali, you are just like my daughter and I will not suggest you which are not in your favor." She again smiled.

Laali remained quiet as unable to decide anything, "You do one thing talk to him, take your time and decide but I suggest you this is the best proposal you can have in your life" added old woman.

She further said "You sit here and I bring a cup of tea for you so you can talk something with Girdhar" and she left Laali alone on a cot.

Laali look towards the panch and found him sitting idly with close eyes as he is not interested into the drama which is going on. She looked towards the main gate where the old woman went inside. The cold waves were still intense even at the time of noon and Laali shivered first time.

Just after some minutes, Girdhar came out and walk straight to Laali. He stood there and nodded slightly as to greet Laali. Laali stood from the code and took a little veil to hide her expression from this unknown man. She also turned slightly so that the man standing in front cannot see her well.

Girdhar stammered as wanted to speak something and then started rubbing his thumb with another hand and looked all around, there was no one looking to them and he gathered his confidence, "I saw yesterday when you were going towards your house and... and..." he stopped.

Laali felt odd and found that this man was chasing her since long and she was not aware of it. She wanted to know more about this chaser and turned her face to him and looked to his face.

Girdhar was upset and said, "I talked to my buji (aunt) about you and so I want to live with you."

Laali noticed that this man is not dashing as of Gopal and neither wise as of Keshav and or innocent and dedicated like Kishan but there is something in this man with different personality. He is not handsome as others but what attracted in his way is the showoff of money, wearing gold everywhere and clothes of good quality "Kaaki said that he is having a car which means a rich man, still in her community there are few people who are having a car" though Laali.

Members of this community are getting reservation in government jobs and also scholarships to study schools and colleges but the

number of people clear such exams are less. The group that understood the importance of reservation is enjoying such benefits along with their relatives but majority of members of such communities are still struggling for survival.

Laali faced an atypical condition which she had not given a thought for a moment in last six months. She abruptly said, "Tell me about you," And sat on the cot.

The panch was still lazily sitting in the sun and unattached with the play going on the spot and just happy that he fulfilled the orders of his wife who asked him to bring this woman.

Girdhar again stammered slightly and said, "I am running two shops one of clothes and one of auto parts in the main market of Mandal town of Bhilwara and living alone. My two sons settled in Hyderabad and three daughters already married and having their children. I have a bungalow in Mandal and all alone."

He again gathered his confidence and said that, "I saw you first time when you stepped down from the bus few months ago, that time I came here to attend the marriage of my relative and again saw you yesterday. I talked about you with my Buji and she told me that you are living single."

He further said, "I am not a business class but understand that living my remaining life with such beautiful woman will help to live a good life. I understand the feeling of living alone and sometimes I feel that loneliness kills but never found daring to bring a woman

at my house and when I saw you I found my heart throbbing and feeling a desire for you.”

Laali was listening quietly and on the word of desire, she laughed smoothly as again there is an act wrapped with a desire came to her. “You do not know about me and you decided just looking to my beauty and rushed to propose me.”

This time Gidhar laughed slightly but not stammered, “I am born in this caste which remained engaged in working on fields and working like bonded labor to the high class. My fathers and forefathers served the royals but never tried to live their lives.”

“I made money and so the status by learning what is society and calculating the right on right time. If I cannot calculate the things rightly then I was not running such a good business,” said Girdhar.

Laali slightly put her veil down so that the man standing in front of her can see her beautiful eyes, “So you are here just to calculate your profit and doing business.”

Girdhar again stammered and wanted to say something but remain silent. He then walk some steps and said, “I mean that I know my decision to live with you will be right.”

Laali was unable to decide something on this issue and decided to buy some time and to test this man who is claiming himself as a big businessman. The cold waves again hit the face of Laali and she shivered again “You know I broke the rule of the

community and I had a nata and not paid the jhada to that man. He moved a petition to sack me from the community.”

Girdhar laughed and said, “I am ready to pay every fine and every jhada which any panchayat decide.”

Laali was stunt with the reply and said, “Give me some time to think” and she stood from the cot and run inside. The old woman was bringing two cups of tea and escape colliding with Laali who rushed inside. She was surprised seeing Laali coming inside. “What happened?”

Laali stood for some minute and said, “Kaki, I want to leave and need some time to think.” She came out hurriedly and started walking towards her house without looking back to Girdhar, the businessman.

Girdhar standing alone was unable to get anything and looked to his aunt who was coming with two cups. The act of snubbing by such a beautiful woman made his more desirable and he laughed.

The old woman who wanted to make atmosphere normal first smile and said, “Laali is a shy woman, I know her when she was a child. She shied and wanted some time.”

Girdhar still unable to understand and said, “Buji, what I have to do, I have to wait or go away”

The old woman kept the cups on ground and came near Girdhari, “No don’t worry she will come positive.”

Girdhar calculated something this time and put his hand in his pocket and took out some rupees and give to the old woman, "Please arrange what you said and fast because I have to leave."

The panch was still sitting unaffected in the sun and do not wanted to indulged in the affair, The old woman counted the rupees and her eyes shined was greed and look towards Girdhar. He understood the expression of his old relative and again put his hand in the pocket and brought out few more currency notes and handed to the woman.

The old woman counted again and said, "Give me few hours, I am going to the house of Laali and talk to her mother. She looked to the panch in anger and said, "You are lazy fellow and always sleep, come we have to go to the house of Beera at once."

Girdhar took the cup and sat on the cot where Laali was sitting a while ago. He tried to get the smell of Laali at that place and felt excited.

On other hand, Laali somewhat disturbed with the incident and this unexpected proposal brought her in her actual life, the life of her real world, the inner world and therefore she started feeling the pain, sorrow and also the frustration of past which she left behind, forgetting herself, her individuality and her identity. The incident brought up the deep pain of criminating her daughter alone.

She went into her room and felt on her bed, "What life wanted to make out. This is not the way to live where every love comes out

simply a fake smell of original fragrance.” She was not crying but her mood was upset and wanted to shout. She remained in her bed for long time and then fell dozing.

She saw in her sleep that the sun is shining and heat increasing and she is feeling thirsty. She wanted water, just a drop of water otherwise the heat will eat her up. She tried to search water everywhere but there was no water, simply sand and sand and heating sun and then she saw a shade of tree, a big shade in which her whole village can sit and rest. She slowly started moving towards the shade, slowly, very slowly.

On the courtyard of her house, Wife of the panch was having tea with Kamala and the panch was sitting outside the house on chair and napping again. The old woman was convincing Kamala that her daughter got real good proposal and they will also get benefit of this relation, “Girdhar is really a good man and overall a rich person in our community” said old woman.

Kamala was confused and then said, “You are right bai but you know Laali, she do whatever she likes, she even doesn’t hear of her parents. I am worried about her every time.”

Both women again started talking about family affairs of others members of the community and sometimes abuse their parents and then compared how lucky they are that they still having a stable life and then old woman again came on the topic of Girdhar and asked Kamala to convince Laali for this relation.

When Laali woke from her sleep she found herself sweating and remembered the dream she had, she was feeling thirsty and wanted to have water. She stood and went outside and found the old woman sitting with her mother. She gazed these women and went inside the kitchen and fetched a glass of water from the pot. She found herself disturbed.

There were long two days discussion between a mother and daughter related to the relation with Girdhar and at last Kamala threat her to leave her house. Beera was sitting in the room but looked unconcerned.

He was planning for the evening booze with one of his friend and therefore unable to concentrate on the present problem.

9. The reality

Even being a spiritual land, the place is suffering in reality and there are high numbers of mal-nutritious children living under weight. There are thousands and thousands of beggars sitting outside every temple and at every mosque of this state. Women still are lacking normal hemoglobin count and the level of education is low in comparison to different countries of Europe.

The religion and spirituality flourish on this land but employment and industrialization is still lacking to get shape. The spiritualism is helpful to shape the soul but in reality materialism is also required to have the prosperity. History witnessed that whenever religion without logic and reasoning flourished, the prosperity graph turnout low and whenever there is philosophy, science and reasoning prevailed in the nation, the graph of not only prosperity but of literature and art went high. Religion is good to practice but not enough good to practice without reasoning and logic. With religion, dogmas and superstitions also come in the society.

The major reality of life is to support self with food and shelter and this is lacking in severity on this land. Employment is the main problem for youths and security and equality is the requirement for women. Children need qualitative education and nourishment to become better citizens.

The reality of life is running away from the real situation and getting shelter in spiritualism by announcing that this world is unreal because we cannot conquer the shortcomings.

Laali was stung with the conduct of her mother that she had to leave the house and was red with anger. She has no other place to move and therefore wandered on this question. She went to her room and whole night she thought on the present situation. Ultimately she left with no place to go and now her mother also asked her to leave the place.

“I have to perform the karma without desire and at present my desire is to have my own place where I can live peacefully. The theory of Nishkama karma is not helpful to me” thought Laali.

Life is not spiritual only but material to survive in this world, without endurance of body there is no spiritual knowledge.

“Meera loved unseen and unknown because she had no worries of two times food and shelter to rest. She had no worries of food and shelter for people who were destitute and such people do not understand the true love of Meera just because the most important thing for them is food and worries of tomorrows.”

In very early morning next day, Laali decided to leave the house of her mother and will talk to Girdhar, “This is early morning and I vowed that I will not return to this house again in this life” said Laali to herself.

She stood and went out; it was cold day and moist outside like a sheet that enfolded the land everywhere. The street was wrapped in fog and she looked for the direction on her assumptions.

It took her long to reach the house of the panch and when Laali reached on the main door she was shivering badly and wanted to rest because her breath went heavy and her legs were also paining. She knocked the door slightly and then with her full force. There was no noise inside and then she shouted, “Kaaki, Kaaki, open the door it is Laali.”

Just after some time, Girdhar came on the door and saw Laali shivering and shaking with cold. He asked her to step in and went to bring a shawl for her. He was amazed that Laali dropped here in early hours. It was only five in the morning and there was darkness everywhere.

Laali took the shawl and sat on the bed where Girdhar was sleeping. The bed was still warm and she tried to control her shivering. There was some noise inside the house and Kaaki came out slowly and saw Laali sitting and trembling. “What is the matter Laali,” she stepped further and then saw her.

The old woman was experienced of such situations and therefore she went back towards the kitchen to make some tea for this woman who came so early with the message of some sufferings. But internally the old woman was happy that the mission she took in her shoulder is going to complete, “After all, the job and the duties of senior members of the society are to settle the young for

their better life. Maturity is to show the path to the young generation and the youth use the power to create a better world,” Thought the woman.

She put the kettle on the stove and thought, “I too was not agree to marry my husband and was looking for some handsome man outside the community but my mother convince me that future is important rather than lust and enjoyment. You can get opportunity anytime in your life for lust and romance but not a shelter or food every time if you take wrong direction you can’t step back.”

Life for woman is limited to shelter and food, they still depend on men to survive. Society do not allow woman to have independent life and if Laali decided to be with Girdhar then she is more powerful than what she is and without worries of shelter and food she can live a good life, “I know Kamala will use this as a tool to force her daughter for this relation” smiles the old woman.

When she brought the tea in the room, Girdhar was sitting on a chair and Laali was still suffering with cold, there was no conversation between them. Laali was not in position to talk anything. She took a drastic step by leaving the house of her mother this early morning. The temperature may be below four degree Celsius and she was wearing no warm clothes, only a light woolen shawl which she wrapped herself in that shawl. She came all the way from her house to this place, almost walked three kilometers.

The old woman served the tea to Laali and she grabbed the cup so fast that she needed the hot cup of tea, she took some sips and then she gulped faster and found comfortable. On other hand Girdhar took little sips and saw Laali, “She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen” thought Girdhar.

He wanted to talk and wanted to propose her again but waiting for the right time. He too is experienced and knows when to turn on the switch.

Girdhar came from very meek family where his father and mother worked like slaves in a factory near Bhilwara. They hardly had stomach full food and there were four brothers and three sisters to feed daily.

Days were very hard and his father was alcohol addict. Later he used to drugs because the owner of the factor supply the drugs to employees to increase work efficiency. The opium was easily available and very cheap in the region of Bhilwara which was supplied from across the border of Madhya Pradesh and the border was about two hundred kilometers from that place. Opium came from the flower and vastly cultivated in the border of Madhya Pradesh.

He remembered that one day his father died after he slept late night by consuming high dose of the drug and her mother cried whole day just because she suffered a lot with this man. She worried about survival and therefore took her all seven children to

footpath of Bhilwara where they sat near the bus stand and started begging.

His sisters were getting young and people attracted by such beggars and also start offering money to her sisters and just within a month two of them run away from the hideout which was made temporary by her mother for the whole family near the sewerage pipe.

Two of the elder brothers went to the world of crime and leftover members including him struggled for their existence. One day he found that his mother committed suicide by rushing down in front of a bus and her body was sent to the government hospital. Girdhar was frightened of this incident, frightened of this world and shivered alone in the pipe of a gutter sitting and searching something to eat in the garbage.

Later he found some people who wanted opium to supply and they found Girdhar. They threatened first for life and then made him agree to work with them, "You only have to travel in bus and beg for food, you have to carry a bag with you and come to the bus stand" one of them directed him.

Girdhar was taken to Nimach in roadways bus and there he was given a bag with flowers on the top. He took the bag and stepped in the bus and begged from passengers. Sometimes he was hit by conductors and was pushed down from the bus. He then took another bus and reached Bhilwara bus stop where the gang took a bag from him.

He was then a peddler of drug racket in this part of the state. There were raids many times in the bus but police pushed out this boy out from the bus. His ugliness was his tool which saved him every time. He was black with ugly face and dirty clothes and feeble physic.

Time trained Girdhar and after learning all the rules of this drug mafia he tried to make his own world. He was fearful and his fear taught him intelligence, taking every step according to the time, he waited and waited and one day he met a policeman who was corrupt and he gathered his courage and talked to him. Policeman was greedy and wanted big money out of this racket. His officials were getting the big cake of this racket.

He planned with Girdhar and one day when he delivered the consignment at Bhilwara bus stand he raided the spot and seized heavy drug from accused. Girdhar escaped before the raid. The drug was brought to supply in different fairs of the state as well as it was in demand by the tourists coming to Rajasthan.

Policeman got the ten percent of the seized drug and he gave a little to Girdhar. Both started their own business of drugs and started earning good money.

Girdhar do not wanted to continue and when the policeman was transferred he left this peddling drug affair. He brought a small shop in Mandal town of the district and started working hard. He experienced ups and downs of his life and later established his shops in the market. His community approached him when he

became rich and he also tried to know about his brothers and sisters but unable to traced them.

He married to a woman of his community and later had children and settled a good life; he started donating to his community so that no one other could face such fate. He still remembers his brothers and sisters and remembered the way his mother died. Girdhar was calculated and knows the importance of money and of position.

He wasted nothing but invested properly. His children settled according to their choices and therefore he left alone in the end. He kept a woman but she became greedy and therefore he left her.

One day when he was coming to the village of his aunt to attend a community marriage, he saw a woman stepping down from the bus. He felt in love with her at first site and decided to know about her. He came to know that she is Laali and single and desperate like him in this life.

He tried his business game to win this woman and now the woman is sitting in front of her, totally surrendered. "I always get what I wish because money has a power which can buy anything" Thought Girdhar.

He looked toward the woman who came shivering into this house and went near her and found that she was sleeping. She was looking beautiful more than a rose smiling in a sun, "I have not desired anything for myself in my life and ran for money and

money but now I think I am rewarded for the great work I had done in my life” Thought Girdhar.

He then smiled alone, “Money can buy anything and money is the god of this world.”

The old woman came near Laali and she whispered. It was ten in the morning and Girdhar was sitting in the sun along with the panch. He gave him five thousand rupees and said that he is glad today. Panch was happy but the old woman came from inside and grabbed the money and showed eyes to her husband.

“Let me see how Laali is” and she went inside to put the money in safe.

She came and tried to wake Laali. Laali had a deep sleep and unable to recognize the woman standing in front of her. She slowly realize her step of leaving her house early morning and the way she reached this place. She felt ashamed and stood from the bad, “I am sorry I came to you at wrong time, I think I should go back” said Laali.

The old woman stunt by her assertion and kept her hand on her shoulder, “Don’t you think this is your house and you can rest here, I am your Kaaki” said the woman and start crying.

Laali stood for a while and hold the hands of that old woman. “You know it was my dream to talk with my daughter and share my every emotion but you are aware the way she left me and never came back. Even in nights I do not sleep and remember my

daughter. And therefore I found my daughter in you,” said old woman.

Laali went emotional and caught her hand, “Kaaki, you are like my mother but you know I was just in pressure and dropped here at odd time.”

“Never mind, sit comfortably and let me bring a cup of tea for you,” and woman went inside. Laali

Laali felt ashamed the way she left her house at very odd hours and dropped in the house of someone else. She wanted to go from this place but she has no idea where to go and where to feed herself. She wanted to cry, after all her mother asked her to leave her place.

And suddenly she saw that Girdhar standing on the door and looking to her, he came forward when her eyes met with his and sat near her, “I am not forcing anything but just proposed you to be with me. I don’t know what kind of suffering you had faced but I know that I too suffered a lot.”

He again said, “You know I feel that money is the biggest weapon in this world and can buy even the blessings of god and I feel that I will keep you happy and show you the power of money.” He looked towards Laali and said, “Still the decision rest with you in last.”

Laali look to him, he was not handsome but still he had a confidence on his face, the money, the power brought another

type of glow and he very well knows about it and enjoys that type of power. “I have seen the bitter world and now not able to decide what is right and what is wrong. My mother asked me to leave her house and so I came here. I still do not know what I am doing is right.”

Girdhar smiled and said, “Right and wrong are not in the hand of someone else, and it lies with us. The important thing in this life is that you should have money and you should know how to enjoy that money.”

He paused and said, “You know when I was small, I feared everything, my heart beats went fast and that time I start prayer seeking the intervention of divine. I closed my eyes and ask the god to come on the earth and help poor. I always felt that there is a god who help poor people and seek justice but nothing as such happened.”

“The place we took shelter when I was a child was on the bus stand, there as a temple in front of it and every day in the morning when devotees gathered to worship, I also went there and ask his blessing, ask two time meals for me and for my family and ask some shelter to stay but nothing happened and my mother died after jumping in front of a bus in front of that temple.”

“I realized that there were more other things in this world to fear than to fear god, there exist hunger, the danger of killing, the danger of dying on road and there was danger to be caught by

the police. And when there are so much empirical dangers in life then there should not be a danger of unseen god.”

“I am not atheist but feel that god has given us brain to use and calculate the decision. For thousands of years we frightened by the unknown god and still offering prayer to unknown but not able to understand that this world and this society are real and to fight the fear within this world, the money is the main power. Money cannot buy everything is true but money can buy lot of things, at least we can fight hunger, illiteracy and fear to be killed.”

“The greatest enemy of this world is not the devil or evil who is regularly fighting with gods because god is adequate enough to deal the devil but hunger and fear of poverty are the main enemies of humanity, if you are rich then god also available through VIP gates and you can offer best of gifts in temples. The world that praises spirituality and gods is just because the world wanted the power of money and only money and power. There is nothing except money in this world and therefore I feel that reality of world is to attain power to lead a good life, what you have after life is unknown to the priests who serve the god their whole life.”

Girdhar stopped and looked towards Laali, she was grasping every word spoken by this man who came in her life some days ago. He was right; she tested the path of spirituality to know the truth and to experience the concept of love but at last suffered the hunger and pain and loneliness. She thought that if she had money that time then her daughter had not died like that. She

could have taken every step with money to save her. Yes, money matters in life.

Laali realized that the man sitting in front of her is not a spiritual man and not even dashing and romantic and not even a man who obey her every time but he is a practical man who understand the meaning of life. She turned towards her and found serious expression on his face.

Girdhar took a long breath and said, “And now I think I wished to live with a woman who is not only beautiful but also wise and one should see that he is not only getting a physical happiness with the partner but also a solace of heart.”

Laali impressed and thought, “Yes, love should have a meaning and it is not only a feeling of happiness or togetherness but a feeling of completeness. Love means completeness.” She looked outside the window where birds gathered on a nearby tree, chatting and shouting and flying from one branch to another branch making noises and not sitting silently, “Our hearts are like these birds which remain unstable every time and every minute just because we do not choose the right branch to sit” Laali thought again.

She stood from the bed and said, “You are impressive and I too now feel that money matters in life and it is also true that I am totally a destitute and have no home and no money to survive and your offer is the best offer but still I need some time to think on it.”

Girdhar showed uneasiness but said nothing bitter, "You can wait outside for some time if you can so I make my mind to work and to think something good" again said Laali and went inside the house to make herself fresh.

Girdhar was again uneasy on his fate. It was like his first trip in the bus from Nimach bringing the consignment of drugs. The uneasy that made him to think and bring him the confidence and also the luck, the negativity works as a force to change situations.

Laali on other hand was perplexed, she was in love first time in her life because Kishan came as her rescuer and had a gratitude for him. Love means how much ones care for you and love means that beyond any expectation one loves and cares without finding any wrong.

She the felt love with Gopal and it was the first sight love and she was fascinated by the dashing attitude of him. Love means adventure and love means romance that give birth to poetry and that give feeling of liveliness.

And she found Keshav as intellectual who understand everything and she was impressed by his knowledge because love is not completed without understanding and love need introspection and discussions.

But now the love with Girdhar is simply a force of situation. She is in the jam and in such situation that she cannot come out without his help.

Rejecting this proposal means she left with no place and nothing to eat and only ending the life before it ends with time. And if she accepted his proposal means a real worldly life but a relation without love.

Laali saw the old woman sitting on the door of a kitchen and her face was down as she was thinking something philosophical. Laali whispered, “Kaaki” and looked to her. The old woman slowly brought her face up and saw Laali standing.

Laali went near to her and sat on the ground, the cold was still there but there was something more for her to worry, “What should I do?” asked Laali.

The old woman looked to her, examined her face for some minutes, the stove was roaring, eyes of the old woman were swollen and she her attitude was somewhat philosophical. She gave out a cold breath and said, “You know that life is not easy, I experienced lot of things in my life, I witnessed hunger, pain and sorrow and everything and at last concluded that life without money is a life like a street dog, just search food every day and search for the shelter for the safe sleep.”

“You know money in this world matter and if you do not have two times meal in life then it is the most pathetic situation. I will not do anything wrong for you, you are like my daughter and therefore when Girdhar came to know about you, I felt glad that he is interested in you.”

“In all my life, I saw that the emotion of love evaporates with time and only worries left that turn to frustration and life without security of money turned to miserable living and therefore I suggest that you secure yourself.”

Laali remained silent and thought about the words which this old woman uttered, “Yes you are right that feeling of love disappears and yes money is everything in this life but still I feel that I am not ready mentally for such relation.”

The old woman laughed sarcastically, “Then don’t remain in dilemma and don’t fool yourself and the man desiring you with his heart. Just deny the proposal and walk away so that things can settle as soon as it can.”

Laali was shocked and remained quiet. She was calculating about present situation and she found that reality is the only thing which should be considered. The reality that a man is waiting for her and she will get all comfort and every facility with him and on other hand she is in a jam of hand to mouth situation.”What is love then?” thought Laali.

After some time, Laali stood from the floor and went outside, the panch was still sitting idly in the sun and Girdhar was walking to and fro in the open space outside the house. She called him for a minute, her face was red with the energy she put in thinking, she was still shivering with cold and sun was not in mood to heat the place.

“I am ready to live with you and I am thankful to you that you came in my life.”

Girdhar was shocked as he was not expecting the result so early and he smiled and looked towards the panch. First time in last two days, panch smiled and stood and blessed the woman standing in front of him. The old woman also came out to know the reason of cheering and she blushed and also blessed Laali.

Old woman was happy and was expecting a good reward from Girdhar who promised a fortune to this couple. She had seen poverty and knows that money is the only comfort of life which makes things easy.

At present with old age when this couple has left with nothing to support themselves, the gift from Girdhar will help them to survive for some more days.

10. Mautana

There is a ritual in Hindu religion which is known as *Mautana*. The ritual says that after the twelfth day of the death of the head of the family, the family has to organize a feast for the community. The number of days varies from one community to another. Some organize Mautana on the eleventh day and some on thirteenth day. The ritual in upper caste is known as a *pagari rasam*-announcing the next head of the family and the community witnesses this celebration in which a turban is offered to the next head of the family.

The feast also organized on this occasion with sweets in different varieties and also gift to the main member of the society. The theme of this ritual is to crown the next head of the family and mostly the eldest son of the family is nominated as the head. Women are not allowed to become head of the family and only the male can be the head of the family.

With changing time, the ritual turned to extravagant affairs in which the family is forced to organize feast for the whole village. Rich families organize feast for eleven villages and there are also incidents in which 51 villages were invited for such feast. The distribution of property was also made between sons and the major share went to the eldest who took the seat as head of the family.

The ritual with time shaped as compulsory and families were forced to expend every penny they left for their future to oblige the community. Those who do not perform this result are expelled from the community and then no member of the community keeps any relation with any member of the family.

The expelled family face problems as no one marry their daughters and sons and no one keep any relation with them. Even first blood relatives do not call them to participate in any function or ceremony and when the family realized their mistake then the panchayat imposed fine on them and the family has to organize the feast for the community again.

The theme of this ritual is that the dead soul of the head of the family feel relaxed sitting in the heaven or elsewhere that now his family will run smoothly and will remain for generations to make his name flowing from generation to generation. The ritual is to provide peace to the souls of ancestors that now their names are save and their blood moving.

The problem emerged in this system when those families who have no sons but only daughters or no children. In such cases there is problem in choosing the head of the family. Girls are not allowed to be the head of the family.

At present, the law of India gives equal rights to daughters in the ancestor's property and daughters can claim even in the personal property of the parents. Just after the law, thousands of cases flooded in judicial courts and brothers opposed such laws

because they say that they already invested the share of daughters in their marriages. The equal right in property gives equal right to woman in the society.

But in many communities still daughters have no right to property and the property transferred to sons and equally distributed between them. The families who do not have any son or no child or only a daughter or daughters then the problem arose who will organize feast after death of the head of the family and what will happen to the property they left behind.

In this situation the ritual of Mautana was introduced, when this ritual was started is not clear yet but it is prevailing since very long in this land and in most of the communities.

In Mautana, the head of the family organize a feast of his death as alive and invite villages to eat the feast and in this occasion he announced that after his death the property will go to certain relative or man of the community or to village of will distribute in different parts to people or will go to community or to the trust of panchayat or to the temple.

Hundreds of villages gather for the Mautana and enjoy the feast with sweets and other dishes. The panchayat has to be happy with the quality of the food served in such occasion. If a couple do not have any money to organize such feast then they have to take loan on heavy interest from anyone or to sell their land or house for this purpose.

Now days some communities called this as a social evil and banning such practices. Education is the main reason and youths are challenging such rituals and agitating against the communities. They wanted to live in cities but the outcome has to face by their parents who lived in villages and within community.

Mautana is a feast of dead given by the person who still alive and feeding the community.

After Laali came into agreement with Girdhar for live in relation, Girdhar asked panch to call the panchayat so to verify their relation as nata and he was ready to pay the jhagda if anyone claim or otherwise the jagda would go to the community. He took Laali and went to her house to pack her bag.

Kamala was happy to see her daughter with a richest man of the community and blessed her. Laali avoided her mother and packed her belongings.

Girdhar was happy to get a woman with he fell in love and thought that he got a companion for his life. He saluted Beera who was sitting outside his house and smoking and he talked about his health and activities. He put some rupees from his pocket to him and also handed a bottle of liquor. Beera was happy to see the currency notes and put them in his pocket and first time smiled to see a man taking his daughter.

They took a taxi from Jhunjhunu and during the trip none said anything except sharing a bottle of water or having a tea in break. Laali was thinking about this change. Her journey for seeking the

knowledge of true love is still not completed. “This is a new story with material life and will taste the new sense of love” thought Laali.

Girdhar was happy but said nothing as he made his habit to speak less and do not open his mind even to his good friends. “Silence is the best way to secure our self from getting trap in the crime which we did in past. Most of the crimes are solved because criminals went talkative” and Girdhar had different attitude and therefore he never felt in the net of police. He never talked about his past not even of his involvement in drug racket. He does not like to talk his past and do not want anyone to look into it.

Life with Girdhar was good in initial days when Laali reached Mandal town and found that he is a big businessman and having a big bungalow in the best locality. She had not seen such a big bathroom in her life and was fascinated with the garden and rooms. There were costly decoration in every room and there were four servants for taking care of everything. There were three cars of latest models and a driver having resident inside the house.

First few months of Laali went in shopping and roaming and enjoying the richness. She agreed that money matters and bring happiness. Laali brought so many clothes and so many things for herself which she had never brought in her life. One day her brother came to meet her and remained for seven days. It was after long time when she talked with her brother and shared his

problems. He was not happy with his wife and wanted to settle somewhere else. Girdhar helped him to get a new job in Bhilwara and Laali was happy with this development.

Days went and Laali gave birth to a girl child and she was happy to see a daughter again. She was just like the previous daughter but the different was that this baby came with the materialistic approach of love rather than previous outcome of an intellectual love.

Laali remained busy with her daughter and so Girdhar with his work and business. Lali was all alone with servants and money and every facility a woman desired but slowly she start feeling an emptiness which start irritating her.

She found that she wanted to talk with someone and wanted to share her feeling. One day when Girdhar return late from his work, she started talking about the activities of her little daughter and was enthusiastic to say that their baby took her first step. She wanted to say many things but Girdhar was not in a mood to hear that.

Girdhar talk less and do not show his expression in any way. He just hears the talks of Laali and sometime when happy, he just smiles. What irritated Laali that Girdhar was not so fond of his daughter and therefore the baby did not like her father.

The facilities and money which fascinated Laali is now making her irk. She wanted to go out like a common woman and wanted

to talk with people but maintaining the status of Girdhar, she was not permitted to move in the local community.

Days alone in such a big house were now coming heavy on her and she thought, "I have money, have facilities but still I am not happy. Girdhar cared me but still I don't found any love in this relation. It was just Girdhar wanted her as someone in his bed and wanted to sleep."

Then what is love, Laali thought, "Love is not spiritual, that share the two true minds and introspect each other's feel, the consciousness of one another and feel each other without their presence, like innate idea, that emerge from inside and sense individuality with thoughts."

Or

"Love is not material, like empirical sensation, which rouse impulses with the touch and fills the heart with feeling of care and affection. Without him life is nothing and with him life is everything. The necessity of touch care affection feeling and overall feeling of togetherness."

Or

"Love is not adventure, full of romance, a journey, and voyage to unknown and expedition to every fresh start with the new sun in the morning. Every day feels new born and everyday feels a fresh air to life and something that thrill the life including body and soul

and make you complete and away from the boring life of simply existing rather than living.”

Or

“Love is not caring, simply flicking around just to pamper without reason demarking no line between a lovers and a servant and life went as someone is always keeping eye on you and you lost your privacy and bounded to a routine life.”

Then

“Love is also not transcendental” Laali first time thought.

“In a transcendental stage, there is no feeling left, no emotions, no desire, no thinking, the transcendental stage is higher than material world where the absolute truth has no shape, no attribute, no quality and nothing, just nothing. It is not a negation of everything because denial of anything is affirmation of opposition. Denial of one thing is affirmation of another thing.”

The transcendental is nothing like zero which has neither positive nor negative quality. Just as stable status is neither negation nor affirmation. Like a Brahma concept of Vedanta of Shankar and like a Nirvana of Buddha. A stage where nothing and just nothing, a stage where there is no attribute, no quality, no good and no evil, no white and no black, no light and no darkness and nothing just firm and steady exist like a zero of numerical numbers.”

“And when there is no quality in transcendental arena than how can love exist in that stage,” Laali shocked and smiled and then

murmured, “How can transcendental and love exists together, it is like attributing the transcendental stage, like putting a color on a white sheet, like adding a color in transparent water and like adding sweetness in tasteless eatable.”

“There is no concept like transcendental love because love never goes to the stage of transcendental. It emerged in this world and vanished with the end of this world and if there is any soul than that cannot carry the genetic code of love to another body and if carrying love to another life is possible then why not the feeling of hate, enmity, evilness and goodness. The soul meets the transcendental at last stage after freeing from every complexity of life then how it is possible that it smuggled the love while transforming into a transcendental stage.

“Yes, there is no concept of transcendental love exists, it is simply a negation of one thing, like day and night together, like black and white together, like good and bad together and therefore love which never transcendent and it is simply a material thing and material always change and transform from one state to another, from stone to mud and to sand and to sedimentary and then again to stone and to mud but transcendental is stable never change because there is nothing in it that change or force to change.”

And

“Therefore love has no form of transcendental because it is full of attributes of emotions like cry, laugh, happiness, hate, caring,

thinking, touching and lots and lots of quality. Actually it is a force that turn man into devil and a force which can also turn a devil into a saint. An inner force, a force of heart, a force of consciousness, a force of soul that push the body, suppressed it and enlarged it and can take to any direction like a wild waves in the ocean.”

“Love does not have any logic and if there is logic then Meera had not loved Lord Krishna which came to her like a dream or life walking in sleep.”

“Love does not have to be transcendental to attain the stage where there is no reasoning and no logic, no calculation and nothing and simply nothing, love itself in this material world has no reasoning and no logic and is blind and lead man like a blind man leading a blind. And therefore love is a burning fuel of the heart that made the sensation and feeling alive, whole life and even at the time of death, it is the love, a love for someone beloved, a love for material world, a love for sensitivity, and a love for living more years which made the death uneasy and painful.”

Yes, we live because we wanted to live and philosophers added that we live because we have ‘Will’ to power, like Nietzsche who provided another perspective why we live, the ‘will’ to make us strong and strong. And now, Laali thought, “We live because we have a will to love and this will to love made us unsatisfied and force us to wander even at the time of death where on death bed we still feel that we do not get the proper love in life.”

Then

“What is love,” thought Laali, “Love is an attachment with people, relatives, children, man, woman and even with the material things and this love attach us with that thing and beings, without logic, without reason, without any concern, we just love because we are attach and our heart think that we cannot live without particular thing or particular being. This is because of attachment and therefore love is the force that made me uneasy because we always concern that the thing or being which we love cannot be taken away by anyone, cannot be destroy, cannot be alter, cannot be manifest to something else. And we, day and night think about it even in the absence of that thing or being and this force produce a ‘will’ a ‘will to love.’”

Whereas

“Love is not always negative, it also have a positive attribute, there are times when we feel to leave everything just for the sake of love, we feel that love made us happy, we feel that love put energy in us, we feel that love changed our life and we also feel that love made our life better.”

But

“Still love comes from attachment and when there is a thread like change we found in the stage of love it rewind back with more force, back to negativity, back to destruction, the negative force that called hate, dislike, anguish, anger and leads to destruction, ruining everything, everywhere, without logic, without reasoning

and again leads to fear, anger, terror, fright and activate our inner world which is different from real world, an inner world where we have our own concept, our own thinking and our own life, different from the real one, different from actuality and this inner world leads to modification of heart.”

And therefore

“As per the Hindu concept, we take birth and rebirth because we are attached, attached to worldly things, attached to material, attached to being to whom we met once and again twice and again and again and thought that it is our part and we made it as our necessity. And it is only attachment that emerges as love.”

Surely then

And when love is the attachment of soul to the material world then it plays the role of evil in liberation because pure liberation is above attachment. The liberation and pure liberation means a state of transcendental and above and away from every emotion, above every affirmation and also above every negation then love that attach things cannot be transcendental.

Laali, in the darkness of the night, all alone, even with a man who came as an angel when she was alone, poor, destitute and nowhere to go, and this man who is sleeping, not sleeping but soaring, without concern, without tension, without care, without dreams, without attachment with his daughter like Keshav, who left her alone in the middle of path, all alone, with a daughter,

without any attachment, without concern that his daughter had died.

And alone in this darkness, Laali thought, "If attachment is love and attachment is a reason of all suffering and leads to modification of heart then, Lord Krishna was right, seizing of every modification in heart is the real yoga, a chit vrati nirodh."

Laali was confused, she reached where she started and wanted to come out of it, she cannot sleep, sleep on the questions that were making her uneasy, every second, every minute and she felt suffocation and wanted a fresh breath, wanted to go out, wanted to run away from her own thoughts and took a walk on the terrace where moon was shining in full glow, a beauty of full moon, she start walking on the terrace and felt light, a breath in her lungs, "Yes, love is like a moon that regularly increases and that regularly decreases too and therefore love is not a constant as the quality of transcendental," thought Laali.

Laali felt relieved with the cool air, a beautiful moon, a beautiful night, the darkness but still beautiful, "The love is beauty, beauty of nature, of moon, a beauty of sky and of stars and of things an internal beauty of soul and of heart and of emotions and therefore love reside in the heart and in emotions."

"And I am living with a man who has no emotions for my heart and for my feelings and overall have no love for the beauty of his own daughter." Laali cried in the night, still all alone. She wanted to shout, shout from her heart, wanted to show her sufferings, "I

am living in the material world and have everything, every comfort, and every facility but still I am alone.” She started walking on the terrace and wanted to think about her life, she wanted a peace and then she went down cool in her room and slept with her daughter.

On other hand, Girdhar was sound sleep after a hard work of a day, he is a firm believer that money is the only key of life and therefore earning money will not make his own life better but also help those who are destitute by luck. He had started many scholarships for the children of his community and also planning to open a college in the backward region of his birth place.

11. The Love

Just after Sarala left, Laali was feeling better, after a long time she talked to someone in a friendly manner. She channelized her thoughts, what made her impressed was the simplicity of this girl who sacrificed for improving her life. She made an example for the community and took the first step against the community. Laali was feeling light in mood just because after long time she is thinking something different from herself, thinking about someone else.

Sarala was innocent and still serving the punishment she do not deserved, "She got no one in her life to step together but still she is living and getting respect of the society." Though Laali.

She found that her daughter was sleeping after exhausted by crying and getting a glass of milk and something to eat. Kamala was busy in the kitchen. "Love for Sarala is the duty towards her mother. She can very well leave this place with so much of education but still she chooses to remain with her mother" again thought Laali.

Laali compared her life with this little and frail crusader of her community. "On one hand I went through the rules of the community in the way of rituals and customs to search the right path and the real concept of knowledge and on other hand Sarala stood against the community and proved in the last that she was right."

Laali took a deep breath, “And now I am still hurt and unable to understand the meaning of love and on other hand Sarala proved that love means caring and performing the duty towards parents, towards family and towards society. She is serving the society by spreading knowledge in the downtrodden children of the community. She is teaching and every year she is producing improved members of the society.”

Laali was impressed and spread her legs while sitting on the floor of the room. There was a fan that circulating warm air coming from the windows. She was feeling something different in her inside. The heat was increasing as the sun pouring fire outside.

When living with Girdhar, Laali decided for a change and left his house without informing him when he went to his job, she wanted to think about her life, she was sad because she failed to understand what actually love is and she took her daughter and went to the village of her mother. Now she do not wanted to experiment more to understand the concept of love. The desires which she had about the love were vanished.

For long ten days at the house of her mother, Laali concluded every theory she had for defining the love and she gave every thought to her experiment and found that love cannot be transcendental because love itself is an attribute of life, without love there is no life on this earth.

Then what love is, she sat for long hours and hours to understand the concept. She wanted to deduce every notion of love and

wanted to understand. Whenever she take a step ahead she found that after sometime she is forced to take two steps back.

But the flash came to her mind when she met Sarala and talked to her about her life and only at that time she realized the meaning of love. She wanted to satisfy with this new concept of love. “My mother remained dedicated to one man and still feels that she missed the love. For her husband was her companion and like a shadow. She remained with him for her whole life and she still feel that she found no love. Sarala, remained single in her life and now feels desperately for a touch of man and she herself enjoyed so many partners and still feel that she is looking for love.”

“Then love exists not in a search but in satisfaction.” Love means satisfaction of our people and love means simplicity of life. Love means a duty towards our people, our relations and our society, “Lord Krishna truly said that do your Karma without expectation and karma here means a dharma, a duty towards family and society.

The Geeta said that doing the karmas, one has to restrain the modifications which give rise to feelings like jealousy, hate and enmity, “Love is a power that binds everything in life and also the society and love as a force should be used in a positive form and to check every step that this force cannot turn to negative and destroy the self and humanity.”

Laali again got the flesh, “and performing duty which is towards self, towards family and towards society is the only method by which soul can be detached from the material world. “Like Sarala who can live a lavish and lust life with her education but still she is with her mother, just because she wanted to perform her duty. She is controlling the negative feeling of love to use the force of love in right way by teaching the destitute children of her society.”

And how can love be transcendental, “Yes love can be transcendental because it move ahead without desire, without hate, without jealousy, without expectations and without any attribute.”

Yes, love can be transcendental as it can be achieved beyond logic and reasoning and there is possible of Nishkama Prema- a concept of love without desire. “As like of Meera who had desired nothing from lord Krishna and just devoted her-self purely forever.”

As transcendental have no attribute no quality, no shape, no weight and nothing and similarly, love can exist transcendental without attribute of desire, hate and jealousy. There is a love above and all which we have for the unknown eternity.

“Yes devotion is the form of transcendental love where devotee never wanted anything in return.” Laali was confused and found that the little rebellion of her community, Sarala, made the right statement that duty is the only dharma which is in true sense is love and that can be transcendental.

And Laali stood from the floor in the house of her mother and went inside the kitchen where her mother was sitting idly, she saw her as a woman who lost her battle at last and just waiting for the time to come to be liberated. She smiled and her eyes met with her mother. "You please rest and take care of Guddiya and let me cook for you today and later we will chat long and long as I wanted to hear your stories" said Laali.

Kamala does not understand what happened to Laali and she put her hand on the forehead of Laali to see whether she got fever or sun stroke. Laali smiled again and hold the hand of her mother, "Don't worry, I am ok you go and take rest and I will prepare lunch for you."

Kamala took time to recognize the situation, the new change, she thought that Sarala who came to meet her had done something wrong with her, may be black magic. But when she found that her daughter is truly serious she started crying. She cried and cried and then hugged her daughter. Laali too cried and said, "I am sorry and I will take care of you."

She hesitated and then took a long breath and said, "Let me educate my daughter bring change in my community."